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VAILED.

BY S. A. W.

At old Egyptian festals, we are told,
Was ave a guest,
Who through the feast sat rigid, silent, cold,
Whom no one prest
To share the banquet, yet who still remained
Till the last song was sung, the last cup drained.

The cup, the song, the jest and laugh went round,
No cheek turned pale,
No guest amazed did query e'er propound,
Or lift the vail
To learn the wherefore one alone sat mute,
With whom nor host nor friend exchanged salute.

Usance and rose crowned drapery did all;
That thing of bone,
That hideous skeleton in festive hall,
Evoked no groan;
No thrill of horror checked the flow of mirth,
Unseen, unfelt that grisly type of earth.

But did the host return when all were gone,
The lights put out,
The unseen presence of that nameless one
Might put to rout
All the gay fancies born of wine and song,
And speechless dread the fleeting night prolong.

At every hearth, in every human heart
There sits such guest,
We may not, cannot bid it thence depart,
Even at the best,
We can but crown with roses, vail and drape;
The thing exists, though we conceal its shape.

We shroud our skeletons from public gaze,
And from our own;
Ignore their presence with life's lamps ablaze,
Till left alone
With festal fragments, wine stains, lights gone dim,
We feel them with us, icy, bloodless, grim.

Our nerves would quiver to unvail the bones
Of the dead past;
We lock them in our hearts, with sighs and moans
To keep them fast;
'Tis but in solitude we turn the key,
And dare to look upon them as they be.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 99, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII.

A WITNESS FROM UNDER THE WATER.

It was late in the afternoon of this eventful day when the party of investigators arrived at Dover with the highly important evidence which they had been fortunate enough to discover.

As evidence accumulated the mystery but deepened. The bloody handkerchief seemed a fatal signal of murder, yet it looked now as if Downey had been forcibly carried off by some parties unknown, and had only been subdued after a violent struggle. Was Mr. Browning one of these parties, or was Mr. Browning the victim of murder? This remained a deep secret. Only his cane and pistol and his strange disappearance, so far connected him with the affair.

They gathered again at Joel Brown's office. The various points of the case were here thoroughly discussed, particularly the new and significant feature of the handkerchief.

But yet more striking evidence was about to be made known to them. An eager chorus of youthful voices was heard outside. The next instant the door was flung open with scant ceremony and a dozen eager boys, Tim Sparks at their head, filed into the room: their eyes dancing with excitement and eagerness.

Lawyer Brown looked up in surprise and displeasure at this unceremonious invasion of his sanctum.

"What do you want?" he asked, in a sharp tone.

Tim Sparks stepped forward into the middle of the floor from the bevy of ragged youngsters, who hung back with sudden shame of their intrusion.

The boy glanced around the assembly of serious-faced men with an unabashed gaze.

"We've been on a hunt," he said; "me and the boys. I've heered of the han'kercher you found. Mebbe you think its of some 'count?"

"Suppose we do, what then?" asked the detective, evidently impressed by the boy's manner.

"Only that we can see that and go one better," he cried, triumphantly, revealing a precocious acquaintance with the language of gamblers. "While you've been hunting, me and the boys has been hunting, and I guess we've struck the best game."

"What have you learned?" asked the lawyer, leaning forward, with strong curiosity.

"I took a notion, you see, that there might be something throwed into the creek, so me and the boys off with our duds and jumped in, and we've been diving and scratching the bottom ever since."

"Have you found anything?"

"Well, I rayther guess so," answered Tim, proudly. He was evidently concealing something under his coat. "Me and the boys don't go for stakes but what something comes."

"What have you found?" again asked the lawyer, in a peremptory tone.

"I found it—sticking in the bottom—just off the p'int," said Tim, gradually drawing his hand from under his coat. "It must have been throwed there by the bloody villain that done for poor Mr. Downey."

His hand now came forward, grasping a large-handled, long-bladed knife.

A quick stir went through the party at this unexpected denouement to Tim's mysterious declaration. It was, indeed, a thrilling climax, and produced a strong effect upon their feelings, wrought up as they were to fever-heat.

The blade of the knife was still bright, despite its immersion in the water, except that it had upon it one or two discolored splotches.

The detective snatched it out of the boy's hand and closely examined it, while all rose to their feet and peered eagerly at the silent witness of crime.

"As I thought," said the officer, in a deep, oracular voice. "These are rust marks; but see here, where the blade joins the handle. Those dark spots are not rust—they are blood. That deadly blade has been plunged to the handle in a man's body, and then flung into the creek."

The weapon was passed from hand to hand, and examined with the greatest care. There was a doctor present, who gave the closest attention to the dark patches that discolored the bright blade. He ended by pronouncing them, as the detective had done, the marks of rust. He could not be quite positive about those between the blade and the handle, he said, without testing them, but they bore every indication of blood that could be evident to the naked eye.

"And see here," cried the lawyer, almost snatching the weapon from his hand in his excitement, "here are letters stamped on the silver shield on the handle. What are they? They are so complicated with ornamental lines that I can scarcely make them out."

"This is either I. or J.," said the detective. "And this there is no question about—it can be nothing else but an L. We have it again—J. L.—the same mark as is on the handkerchief."

"You think, then——" began the lawyer.

"I am sure it belongs to the same man. If we can prove, by anybody at the hotel, that John Milton Lovelace, as he signs himself, had such a knife, we can see at once that he does not use the M. in his initials, and that will account for its omission on the handkerchief."

One of the assembly at once volunteered to go to the hotel and make inquiries upon this point.

"It seems to me to prove more than that," said the lawyer, again examining it.

"What is that?" another person asked.

"It indicates to me that his claim to be John M. Lovelace is a false one, and that his real name bears this much resemblance to his assumed one that it has J. L. for its initials. You recollect the story of the lost papers and of his inability to otherwise prove his identity."

This shrewd remark opened to their eyes a new feature in the case. It began to look as if the man was dyed with the double crime of imposture and murder.

The envoy soon returned from the hotel, accompanied by one of the servants, who declared having seen such a knife in their guest's possession on the day of his arrival at the inn, which he had not seen since.

He examined the knife given him, and declared that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, it was the same.

"What remains for us to do?" asked Lawyer Brown, looking around with a very serious expression.

"To arrest this man as a murderer, or as a participant in the murder of either William Browning or George Downey," answered Detective Fogg.

CHAPTER IX.

A STARTLING TERMINATION.

While this serious array of circumstances was gathering over the unconscious head of Lovelace, he was taking a quiet afternoon walk up the romantic banks of Mantua creek, as the stream was named.

The weather was delightful for walking. The breath of April breathed upon the fields of June, and the warm sunlight lay upon the face of the waters with a gleam that seemed to lend a double brightness to the day.

Many and many a time in his younger days had he followed this green path through the sylvan beauties of the valley, and memories of the past arose with almost every step in his onward way.

He passed the spot where he had before met Mary Browning, and a smile came upon his face as he wondered what she must have thought of him.

"I didn't find the girl as quite namby-pamby as they generally are, I'll say that much for her," he said to himself. "There is either something in her, or there is something taking in her innocent way. Deuced awkward for me that the old man took the time he did to make his exit. I hope he has only died a stage death, and will turn up all right in the next piece; but I hate consumedly to lose my papers. I wonder how the little girl takes it. Cast for the weeping part, I suppose."

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SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH A QUICK, SEARCHING GLANCE.

As this thought passed through his mind, he turned a bushy corner, where the stream bent at an angle. Before him it ran straight onward, with the garden of Vinedell sloping down to its banks. The walks were brilliant with the flowers of early summer, and a faint sweet perfume came to his senses upon the wings of the light breeze.

Within a rustic summer house at the foot of the grounds, sat the graceful figure of Mary Browning, a sketch book on her lap. Her head drooped upon her hand, and her eyes were full of sadness as they rested upon the flowing waters at her feet.

"She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief,"

he quoted to himself as he stepped softly toward her.

She heard his step, and rose hastily to her feet. She seemed at first inclined to retire, but paused and awaited his approach, leaning, with an easy dignity, against the seat.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he said, advancing with outstretched hand.

"Not at all," she answered, with a faint smile. "I was simply wearying away time."

"A charming place this," he said, dropping with easy indolence into the seat. "Will you not be seated?"

"Thank you. I prefer to stand."

He instantly rose again, as if impressed with the thought that he had been impolite.

"I have been wishing to see you," he remarked. "I feared that you might be hurt by my demand for my papers at such a distressing time."

"I was," she simply replied.

"I had no thought that it would prove so serious," he replied. "The packet was of extreme importance to me, and when the report went abroad that your father had disappeared, I naturally grew nervous."

"You were justified by the fact that they were not to be found. I cannot account for their absence. In fact I cannot bear—" Her voice dropped and failed, and her eyes filled with tears as she turned half away.

"Forgive me for reviving such distressing memories," he said, taking her hand. "Yet I cannot but think that all will yet be well. Mystery does not always end badly, and you may be indulging in a grief which the circumstances do not warrant."

He spoke with a courtesy of manner, and with a sympathetic voice, that showed a different phase of character from any he had yet shown. He evidently felt for her distress.

"No, no," she replied, in a piteous tone, "the circumstances were so terrible. He is dead! He has been murdered! I know that my poor father has been the victim of an assassin."

Her eyes were wet with tears. Her voice shook with emotion. She had to grasp the seat for support.

"Let me entreat you to be calm," he said, almost forcing her into the seat. "You should hope for the best. I can sympathise with your grief, but I hope you will not give way to it."

"I try not to," she replied. "It is hard, very hard, to bear."

Her voice was full of pathos. Her grief was evidently intense, yet was restrained by a strong power of self-control.

"The wish may, with me, be father to the thought that he will soon return," replied Lovelace, looking down upon her with unwonted interest in his eyes. "Meanwhile his estate will be well cared for, and your comfort attended to by your uncle, Mr. Benton."

She looked up at him with a quick, searching glance.

"I hope so," she replied, her eyes again seeking the water.

"I have no doubt you will find him all attention and consideration," replied Lovelace, a trace of sarcasm in his voice. "He will, no doubt, do his utmost to make your home pleasant."

Her eyes again flashed up that inquiring glance. She seemed to doubt the sincerity of his words.

"You do not like Mr. Benton?" she asked.

"Why should I not?" He leaned idly against a tree, and looked away.

"You distrust him? You connect him in your mind with the loss of your papers?"

He started, as if he had been stung.

"A new idea, by Jove!" he cried, with a return of his old manner. "I am not in love with him, I admit. But what put that into your head?"

"I do not know. It came there."

"Have you any reason for it?"

"None at all. It was but a thought that somehow arose in my mind."

"You doubt him yourself, Miss Browning, I see that." Lovelace stood erect before her, his attitude full of energy. "I do not know him as you do, yet I would rather trust a snake."

"You speak too severely," she replied, rising and standing before him. "He has always been kind and attentive to me. I will admit this to you in confidence, Mr. Lovelace, that I have a causeless prejudice against him. But I know that it is without foundation, and that it is my duty to drive it from my mind."

"Oh, no doubt. And duty's voice should be obeyed. It is to be hoped you may succeed. I am only too happy that duty don't speak to me in that tone."

Their conversation was interrupted by two unlooked for and startling circumstances.

One of these was the hasty and alarmed approach of a servant, who announced that Mr. Benton had been taken seriously ill, that the doctor was present, and that he pronounced it an attack of paralysis. The growing weakness and lameness of Mr. Benton during the past week were attributed by the physician to the same cause. These he pronounced the premonitory symptons of the attack.

The second circumstance was the approach, while the servant was yet talking, of detective Fogg, accompanied by the town constable of Dover.

The self-opiniated officer, heedless of the others present, laid his hand on the shoulder of Lovelace, who had just noticed his approach.

"You are my prisoner," he said. "I arrest you for the mur——"

"Hold!" cried Lovelace, turning with a face pale with either fear or anger. "Fool! Have you no brains! Come; I can guess what you mean." He walked resolutely away, followed by the two officers. "But if you had spoken it in the presence of that lady I would have broken your thick skull for you!"

These last words were spoken out of hearing of Mary Browning. But she had guessed the remainder of the interrupted sentence. With distended eyes and quivering lips, and a face of deathly pallor, she stood and gazed after their retiring forms.

CHAPTER X.

LOVELACE'S WARDROBE.

It is remarkable how different a position a man assumes in the world's eyes when changed from the outside to the inside of a prison. The people of Dover had already imagined that there was something suspicious about the stranger who had stopped in their town at so momentous a time. Now, however, that he lay within their prison walls, they were sure that he was the murderer of their valued townsman, William Browning, and that he deserved to be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

It suddenly occurred to them that there was something sinister in his countenance, something of the look native to men who make a trade of murder.

Some of them professed to have seen at first in his eye that which they doubted. Of course, they had not mentioned their suspicions, they might have been injuring an innocent man, but they could not help their thoughts.

His erratic movements, his peculiar talk, and all his eccentricities were commented on and declared to be proofs of a murderous disposition. In short, the good people felt suddenly satisfied that the right man had been caught, and strove hard to impress it on each other that they had suspected this man from the start.

Meanwhile detective Fogg, having made a decided movement, went energetically to work to add to the proofs of his superior shrewdness.

Lovelace's room at the inn was searched. His worldly goods consisted of the contents of a locked trunk, and a few articles of clothing scattered about the room.

There was nothing suspicious in the appearance or in the pockets of these. A meerschaum, a paper of smoking tobacco, a tooth brush, and a few little odds and ends were all that was found.

The detective made little ceremony about opening his trunk. First, however, he cleared the apartment, with the exception of Mr. Joel Brown, the lawyer, and the landlord of the inn.

The trunk was found to be filled with a variety of gentlemen's clothing, most of it not in the best preservation. There was a good supply of underclothing, handkerchiefs, etc. There was also drawn out some unusual articles of apparel, embroidered coats, knee-breeches, a cocked hat that might have covered a Revolutionary general, the mantle of a Roman noble, and a pair of tights that hinted at the circus ring.

These were laid aside with various comments, and the handkerchiefs alone examined. The officer had expected to obtain damaging evidence against his prisoner from this source. In this he was disappointed. The handkerchiefs were all similar in appearance, and were different in size and texture from that found in the bushes.

They were all marked with the initials of their owner, but here again a discrepancy appeared. The initials used were J. M. L., instead of J. L., as on the other handkerchief.

Examination was made of his other articles of clothing, and they were found, where marked at all, to be marked with the same initials, J. M. L.

What added to the discrepancy was the further fact that these marks were all similar, being made with a stencil plate, while the letters on the suspicious handkerchief had been made with a pen.

Mr. Brown looked significantly at the detective, who returned his glance with a look of unwavering confidence in his own opinion.

"It begins to look as if we had been too hasty," said the lawyer. "There is nothing here to prove that this article was the property of the prisoner, but considerable negative evidence in his favor. It looks now as if the J. L. of the handkerchief was some other party."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Fogg, decidedly. "Look at it from this point of view. This man comes here claiming to be John Milton Lovelace. There is great doubt of this name belonging to him—in fact, he has as much as admitted that he has been traveling under another name. This latter name he claims was assumed, but we have only his word for that. He has pursued a profession whose members are to-day poor, and to-morrow rich. May we not guess that he had made a haul about the time he decided on acting the part of John Milton Lovelace? Being in funds, he may have provided himself with a new wardrobe for the occasion, and would naturally mark his new clothes with his new name. This handkerchief may be a portion of his old outfit."

"Cleverly argued," replied the lawyer, "but all assumption. There is no proof of a single position you have taken. To my mind it seems probable that, in such a case, he would not have chosen to carry in his pocket, in this town, a handkerchief marked with his rejected initials, and left his new ones all safely locked in his trunk."

"I am not speaking entirely from guesswork," replied the officer. "Handkerchiefs are articles which are frequently renewed. But if we could find anything of his of a more durable character, and likely to have been longer in his possession, would it not most likely be marked with his old name?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Brown.

The landlord echoed him in this opinion, and both looked questioningly at the speaker.

The latter drew, with some triumph, from his pocket the bowie knife which had been found by the boys in the creek.

"See here," he said, pointing to the handle. "J. L., as plain as day. There is an article from his old life, and there are his old initials."

The others looked curiously at the suspicious indication.

"It seems to me," said the host, with a drawling utterance, "as if maybe there's another reason for its only having J. L."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Because they couldn't well get any more on it. You see it's only a short bit of silver, and with all the confounded twists and curlicues the M. has been squeezed clear off."

"I don't think so," replied the officer, examining the knife closely. "If the owner had wanted J. M. L. on it, it could have been put on by leaving off a few ornaments, and making the letters plain."

"Just so," said the host. "But this ain't the man to leave off ornament. He's bound to get in his twists and curves if the whole name has to go."

The lawyer had again directed his attention to the trunk. It contained yet a variety of articles. Among these were a slender rapier, and a fearful-looking broadsword, that might have done duty in the French Spy, or some similar warlike drama.

Below these lay a heterogeneous mass, composed of a scattered pack of cards, a revolver, a dice-box, a pair of spurs, gloves, slippers, etc., tumbled loosely in the concave side of a steel breastplate.

Out of the mass he picked up a small square of brass, which, on examination, proved to be a stencil plate, apparently the one with which the clothing had been marked.

"This might be ten years old from its dilapidated appearance," he said, holding it up to view.

"With some men it would look as bad after a week's use," replied Mr. Fogg, after looking at it. "Men of careful habits, of which I presume you are, can not well appreciate the genius which some persons have of wearing out things. I doubt its age."

The landlord had taken up a packet of letters from the corner of the trunk, and was curiously eyeing them.

"There might be something important in there," he said; "but it is hardly the thing to meddle with a man's private letters."

He was about replacing them in the trunk when the officer took them hastily from his hand.

"You are a good hotel keeper," he said, "but you are not got up for a police officer. Not examine the letters, and the man a stranger to us, and charged with murder? That would be a rather rich case of delicacy of feeling."

As he spoke he had untied the packet of letters, and was opening and running his eyes rapidly over their contents.

"A queer assortment," he remarked, parenthetically. "Here is a sweet-toned epistle from a girl, signed Lucy, and here a sailor's bill. Here we have the effort of some wild scapegrace, and here here a letter from a manager accepting an offer to join his company. Here is a song scribbled by a fellow who dates himself from the Rocky Mountains, and here a careful friend sends him a remedy for the ague."

"But is there nothing giving us a closer insight into his former life and

connections? Nothing to show whether he was a gentleman or a rogue?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Nothing. These letters might have been written to either. There are but eight of them in all, and none signed by a full name. Yes, here is Jason Jones, but no locality."

"But how is he addressed?"

"Dear Jack, generally."

"Here is something you have overlooked," said Mr. Brown, picking up the only letter that was in an envelope. "We may get the address from this."

He turned the envelope and examined it. It was addressed in a bold hand too:

"Mr. John M. Loring,
Little Rock, Ark."

"How now—how about your theory of the J. L? It won't hold water after this. See, the letter is dated two years ago."

"It is not enough to clear him from the suspicious circumstances which we have discovered," said the officer, somewhat petulantly, commencing to replace the articles in the trunk.

This achieved they left the room, locking it behind them.

CHAPTER XI.

A CAGED BIRD.

Lovelace was playing a new role, and played it badly. Imprisonment to him was in the highest degree galling. Accustomed as he had been to the most unlimited liberty, moving ever as his fancy willed, erratic in his enjoyment of freedom, to be held within four walls against his will was as if a lark had been taken from the open fields of air and immured in a close cage.

The prison at Dover, the county town of Marion County, was a structure of no great pretensions, either to architectural beauty, size or strength.

The cell in which Lovelace was confined was a small room, about twelve feet by ten in size, sparsely furnished with a narrow bed, a chair and a table.

A grated aperture in the door for the convenience of keepers in the inspection of their wards, and a barred opening in the wall for the convenience of the sunlight and air in their efforts to inspect and disinfect the close cells, were the only outlooks into the world.

In this confined space Lovelace strode like a caged lion, a deep frown on his brow, and his lips compressed with vexation or impatience.

Now he would break into a sudden, short laugh, without merriment in its sound; occasionally he flung himself on the bed, recklessly whistling or singing, as if determined to throw off the weight of his imprisonment.

Then he would start up, closely examine the window bars, and shake them to see if they were firmly embedded in the walls.

"Hang this confounded business!" he cried, impatiently. "If I am expected to stay here long I'll eat a hole through their flimsy old rat-trap and take leg-bail. A fellow who has practiced on the double trapeze, and has turned a somersault over an elephant, is not to be kept in durance vile by such a contrivance as this."

Another hour found him with one foot on the chair, one on the table, declaiming, at the top of his voice, a hodge-podge of dramatic passages as they came indiscriminately into his mind.

Tragedy and comedy were about equally mingled in his conceits. Now in a half-singing voice he went over the rhyme of the dainty Ariel:

"'Where the bee sips, there lurk I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie.'"

"Yes, a heavy-looking fairy, ain't I now, tied here between these abominable walls, like Ariel clipped in her oak tree? I'll be my own Prospero, and break out of this without the need of magic."

In ten minutes more he was ranting out some villainous melodrama, shouting at the top of his voice:

"'Have at thee, villain! There's that in this proud soul that only thy base blood can satisfy. Advance your point; the honor of my race rests on this trenchant blade——'"

His declamation was interrupted by the sudden overturning of the table, on which he had pressed too strongly in his excitement. Down went table, chair, and blood-thirsty baron in one gray ruin blent.

At the same instant the door of the cell opened, and the keeper appeared, glancing with astonished eyes at the strange result of the uproar he had heard.

Behind him stood another person, who now came forward into the cell.

"How now, Jack," he cried; "what is it—the high comedian or the heavy villain? Is this Hamlet shrinking from his father's ghost, or Falstaff prostrated by an overdose of sack?"

The overthrown actor sprang lightly to his feet, and grasped his friend's hand with a vigor that showed how glad he was to see him.

"Joe Sedley, my hearty, this is balm for sore eyes. I was just having a bout again at the old roles. But, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' down came my lofty state, and down came I. How goes it, old lad?"

"Gloriously, Jack. But what confounded affair is this? There is some outrageous mistake in this business, and I want you to tell me where it is. I ran up as soon as I heard of your trouble."

"You are a man, every inch of you," cried Lovelace, in a tone whose affected manner could not hide its real depth of feeling. "Dismiss your *peculier tercanis*. I want to tell you all about how I did this deed of darkness."

The jailor, with a look on his face as if he was not quite sure whether this was a confession, the utterance of a madman, or the reckless ranting of a half-civilized scapegrace, left the cell, drawing the door to behind him.

"Can't you be serious, man!" cried Sedly, impatiently. "This affair is too important to admit of foolery."

"Serious! I have been serious, sombre, blue as a thunder cloud. It don't suit my nerves to be told by blank walls 'thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' I have been ranting to throw off the blues."

"But do you not appreciate the dangerous character of the charge brought against you? Is your whole concern a question of dislike to be confined?"

"Well, mostly, just now," said Lovelace, with a laugh. "This ridiculous charge hasn't concerned me as much as it ought to have done. Such nonsense can't hold water, I am satisfied of that. I will admit that I was astounded, angry, furious at so preposterous a charge. And then to be locked up in a twelve by ten cage! It don't suit my ideas of American liberty. It put me out of tune, Joe, decidedly. I have been trying to get my nerves in shape before I can begin to think of myself as a prisoner for murder. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"No, never of anything so ridiculous as your manner of meeting it. Do you think the people of Dover have arrested you just as a bit of a joke? or is it not possible that they are in earnest, and that they have hold of what they consider damaging evidence against you?"

"I have thought of all that. I am not a fool, Joe, if I do try occasionally to look like one. I know they have one or two strong circumstances against me. But I know as well that I did not murder George Downey nor William Browning, nor any other man. I am quite sure of that, and will see my way clear to make others sure as soon as I can get my wits in working order. But I must first blow off the blues, and settle my nerves to the dimensions of this narrow sphere of life."

"What are the points charged against you?" asked Sedley.

"Well, to have them seriatim: First, I called on Mr. Browning, found him out, raised Cain about the house, and ranted at the old gentleman as a bit of a lark, though it seems the servants thought that I was threatening to put an end to his mortal eyes on the spot."

"An unfortunate lark, Jack," said the other, shaking his head doubtingly. "What was number two?"

"Number two was a walk I took that evening during the dubitable hours. I was missing when the dreadful deed was a-doing, and only reappeared at mine inn after it was achieved."

"Well, thirdly?"

"Thirdly, the finding of a handkerchief, marked with my name and blood-spotted, near where the boat containing the murderers is supposed to have landed."

"Marked with your name?"

"With my initials, so they say."

"How do you explain this?"

"It is either a robbery or a forgery—or the murderer may have my initials as his own."

"Jack, something will have to be done about this. It may be a fatal coincidence. Do you know how many handkerchiefs you have?"

"Within two or three."

"Within two or three dozen would answer about as well. We must see if there is any reason to suspect a robbery, and who is the suspicious party. But there is yet a fourthly."

"And this is the finding of a blood-stained knife in the creek, just where the murder—if it was a murder—must have taken place. They claim that this was my knife, and from what I hear about it I am strongly inclined to believe them."

Joe Sedley leaned back in his chair and looked at his friend without speaking. The case grew more serious with every word, though he strove to drive from his countenance the concern that filled his mind.

"It was my knife, Joe, or a good counterfeit of it."

"Why so? Have you lost your knife?"

"It has taken wings and flown from my pocket."

"When? Before this murder?"

"Afterward."

"Afterward! You are sure you had it afterward?"

"Quite sure."

"Can you make me sure?"

"I had it in my hand on Tuesday morning. I recollect affecting to use it as a toothpick, but with the object of making a point on a certain gentleman's mind."

"Who was this gentleman?"

"Mr. Harvey Benton."

"When did you miss it?"

"This morning only."

"After hearing that it was found?"

"Precisely. You have the case in a nutshell."

"Have you any theory in relation to it?"

"Nothing that I can exactly call a theory. I have a doubt, and I have also a doubt as to the prime party in this murder, disappearance, or whatever you may call it?"

"A doubt!"

"Yes, only a doubt, and as a doubt means nothing, I prefer to keep it to myself for the present, even from you, Joe—I may be wronging a worthy man. There is this much certain, that he has a hard road to travel, if he thinks to make me his catspaw. If my doubt is a just one, I will turn it into certainty before he has another gray hair in his head. Maybe he thinks he has stirred up a fool. He may find, before he is done with me, that he has raised the devil."

"Who is your counsel?" asked Joe, abruptly changing the subject.

"I have none yet."

"Just as I suspected," was the reply. "You are a fair hand on the stage, Jack, I will admit that, but you know as much about business as a cow does of mathematics."

"I appoint you my business agent," said Lovelace, laughing at this depreciation of his business talent. "Let us hold a meeting of consultation. What do you advise?"

"That you consult with some shrewd lawyer without an hour's delay."

"I am agreeable. Bring your legal friend along."

"I will send him along," said Joe, rising. "My leave of absence is up. I must get back to my office."

"You must go?"

"Yes; but I will see you again soon. Keep a stiff upper lip, Jack; all will yet turn out well. I am sure of that. Don't despond.

"Not much danger of that," said Lovelace, laughing. "It ain't in me to be easily put down. The fact is, I am cast in an entirely new part just now, and can neither understand nor appreciate it."

"I hope you may not be obliged to," said Sedley, shaking his hand warmly as he opened the cell door. "Good-bye, old friend."

"Good-bye, Joe; good-bye. Don't you worry about me. I will come out all straight."

The visit did him good. He sat back in his chair to seriously think over the case, after the door had closed on his friend.

An hour afterward Joel Brown, the lawyer, entered the cell.

He had been engaged as counsel for his friend by Joe Sedley, and called to consult with his client upon the charge against him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRADLE SONG.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Sleep, baby, sleep; the stars so bright
Are angel eyes that watch at night
That none may harm thee;
Their sparkling light makes mimic day,
To chase the shadows dark away,
Lest they alarm thee.
Then lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

Sleep, baby, sleep; the gentle breeze
That rustles through the forest trees,
Down-bending,
Is but an angel, whispering joy
And blessings on my baby boy,
And kisses sending.
Then lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

Audrey and Hester hastily gathered up work and books, and were hurrying out of the room; but they were hardly quick enough, for as they were descending the stairs to their bedroom, which was half a flight lower down, they met the new-comer—a tall young fellow, wrapped in a loose Ulster coat, who politely backed into a corner of the landing to let them pass.

But of a sudden the stranger came forward with a joyful cry of recognition:

"Audrey! Hester!" he said. "Why, what are you girls doing here?"

"Westley—it is Westley!" cried Hester. "Why, we are at home here, Westley, don't you know, and we were going off to bed to make room for you; but now you must come in and be our guest. Audrey, haven't you anything to say to Westley?"

"Of course, you will come in and see us," said Audrey, leading the way back to the sitting-room.

This meeting was so tame and commonplace, after the exalted feelings of a little while ago, that the reaction was quite painful.

"Christian disarmed by the—who were the young ladies?—Charity and Mercy; no, those were the Pecksniffs," said Hester, helping Westley with his coat and wrappers, whilst Audrey stood helplessly by. "Why, you are wrapped up as if it were winter."

"And cold enough it was in the Channel," said Westley, shivering. "Such a gale—we had a regular north-easter. Well, this is capital, a good fire—you were always the girls for fires—and one's own people about one; I haven't been so happy for a long time. Isn't it jolly, eh?"

"Yes, it is very jolly," said Hester. "I don't know whether it's exactly correct to entertain you here in our chambers, but anyhow, we'll risk that."

"I hope you've got some supper, eh?" asked Wilford. "I haven't broken my fast since yesterday night."

"Wretched beings that we are, and our only stores are half a cottage loaf and some tea. Never mind, we'll work miracles for you, Westley. Audrey, you take care of our cousin, and I'll run down and hold a council of war with Martin."

Hester, suiting actions to words, the two cousins were left alone, and an awkward and embarrassing pause of silence ensued.

"Of course, you understand," said Westley, "that I should not have dreamed of intruding upon you here, but I thought you were still at Avenue gardens."

"You had heard nothing, then, of our misfortunes?"

"Not a word since Uncle Arthur's death, till I heard from Framlingham. Do you think, Audrey, that if I had known you were in trouble and distress, that I could have helped coming to see you?"

"We are both so thankful to you, Westley, for what you have done," said Audrey, in a faltering voice; "it was so good—so noble!"

"Thankful to me!" said Westly, with a harsh kind of laugh. "That is too much, Audrey. What! thankful to me for giving you all this pain and trouble? Thankful to me for wasting all my own inheritance and imperilling yours? Why, even now, I am not certain that my renunciation will be any good. Perhaps I have spoilt your future, Audrey, as well as my own."

"You have done all you could," replied Audrey, "the result we must leave to Providence. I still say it was nobly done, and I honor you for it, Westley."

"I could not have done anything else," said Westley; "but still, if it has redeemed me a little in your eyes, Audrey, I am glad that I had the chance of doing it."

"You wanted no redeeming in my eyes, Westley," said Audrey. "I knew from the very first you would be just, if you could; but then I heard, later on, that you had engagements that might prevent you from doing what your heart would have prompted."

"Ah! you have heard, then, about my affairs?" said Westley.

"Yes," said Audrey, softly; "and I wish you every happiness. It has not yet taken place, I presume, from your being here alone; but it won't be long, now, I suppose? And you must bring her to see us when you come back to town."

"Oh, you mean my marriage?" said Westley, in an aggrieved tone. "I did not think of that for the moment. I thought you meant my bankruptcy. Ah, that is all at an end—the marriage——"

"Oh, at an end!" cried Audrey. "Oh, you distress me!" But perhaps her face did not express any deep or overwhelming grief; a keen observer might have detected a little flash of joy or triumph in her eyes. But she went on: "It is a mere lovers' quarrel, after all, Westley, to end in the renewal of love."

"Not by any means," said Westley; "I have done with the whole lot—stock, lock, and barrel. If I'm to be a pauper, I'll go to my rightful parish and claim the privileges of the house, but to be the hanger-on and dependent of a fellow like Petworth—no, never; never! I have seen the abyss of degradation from which I have hardly escaped!"

"How glad I am to hear you say that, Westley!" cried Audrey, clasping her hands joyfully. "If you knew how I have grieved that your name should be mixed up with his—and now you have shaken yourself free, that is glorious!"

Westley was silent at this, and a little thoughtful. Was that a correct way of describing the position? Hardly. Petworth had shaken himself free from Wilford, it seemed, and that was a rather different matter. Still he did not care to take the shine off the golden opinions he had won, by entering into details. If he had received too much credit in this matter, on the other hand he had incurred unmerited obloquy in other affairs, which would make the balance partly even.

Hester now reappeared in a state of joyful excitement. It seemed that the fires were all out over the whole house, that Jane in an ecstasy of scrubbing was incapable of doing anything else; but Hester had sent Martin for a rump-steak, which she now bore in triumph, accompanied by a gridiron. The fire in their room was in a glowing smokeless state, and the steak would cook thereon beautifully. Martin presently appeared with a tray, containing a tankard of foaming stout and the other accessories of the banquet. The steak was cooked to perfection, and Westley, who was ravenously hungry, was full of praises of the cooks and the repast.

One of Wilford's first duties next morning was to find out Framlingham, and ask his opinion as to the validity of the deed he had sent him, and to offer to execute any other documents that might be required. Framlingham was hopeful but anxious. The matter was sure to be fought out to the end, and he could not say what that end would be. One thing he desired, and that was, that the inevitable bankruptcy should be delayed as long as possible.

"Don't throw yourself in the way of these people," said Framlingham; "let them find you out. If you get a summons or anything, bring it to me. But anyhow let us get the ink dry on this deed before we are assailed."

Westley said he would keep out of the way as much as he could.

"And another thing," went on Framlingham; "as you and Petworth have parted company, you'll find him now one of the most inexorable of your creditors. The others are not worth thinking about; but he will be dangerous to us all. Another thing; it's just possible you and Miss Wilford may feel inclined to make up any little disagreement there may have been in the past. Don't do it, please—not till everything's settled. It would not look well, don't you see. We shall have public opinion with us and the sympathy of the courts as the case stands; but if it were thought, don't you see, that you were to get back half of what you had resigned, eh? Excuse my freedom, but as an old friend of the family—"

"I see what you mean," said Westley; "but I don't think there is any danger."

"That's right, then," said Framlingham. "Anything you please after it's all settled."

As he left the Temple, Westley bethought him of another pressing want that he must supply in one way or another. He must have some ready money; and ordinary modes of obtaining it being out of the question, the only resort was to obtain money on his personal belongings. He had never been driven to such a strait before. True, he had hypothecated among other things, the family diamonds; but this had been an arrangement on a grand scale; the dealer had waited upon him at his quarters, and the matter had been arranged in the most polite manner. But now, to go himself into a common pawnbroker's and haggle for a paltry sum over the counter—it was a humiliation certainly.

Well, as he passed up the Strand he cast a weather-eye upon the various signs and emblems that appeared over the shop-fronts, till he recognized at the corner of an intersecting street the familiar emblem of the three golden balls. He could not help thinking himself the cynosure of all eyes as he made a sudden wheel down this side street, and then plunged desperately through a narrow door that bore above it modestly displayed the golden emblems. But the first plunge was the worst; once inside, the transaction became a mere business affair. Westley scorned to conceal himself in a private box, but walked boldly up to the counter, unhooked his chain and watch, and demanded a loan.

The youth of sallow complexion and dark lustrous hair who was in attendance took the trinkets, tested them, weighed them, examined them carefully.

"How much?" he said at last.

"Fifteen pounds," replied Westley.

The youth rubbed his nose thoughtfully with his finger-tip, went to a drawer for a ticket, filled it up, sprinkled it with sand or pounce—how is it that pawnbrokers are the only class of traders who ignore blotting-paper?—then, having dipped his hand into a drawer, he counted out fifteen golden sovereigns, and demanded sixpence for the ticket. Westley, as it happened, was without sixpence, having given his last shilling to the cabman the night before, and in his inexperience he feared for the moment that this want might vitiate the transaction. But the youth obligingly changed one of the sovereigns, and carefully wrapping up the watch and chain, put them away in one of the compartments of a safe. Westley marched proudly out of the shop, feeling almost as much elated as if he had earned the money.

He had hardly, however, cleared the portals of the establishment before he almost ran into the arms of a seafaring man, who was gazing earnestly at the sign above the shop-door in a puzzled irresolute way. It was Smith, the sailing master of the Sylph. He recognized Wilford at once.

"This here's a lucky meeting, sir," said the man, touching his cap, "if anything can be lucky along of this bad business."

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?"

"Why, haven't you heard, sir, of the wreck of the Sylph? Only me and the young lady saved."

"And Mr. Petworth?"

"Down in Davy Jones' locker, sir, along with three able seamen, cook, and cabin-boy. Thank God, sir, I haven't got to reproach myself! It was stress of weather and the power of the Almighty brought it about, you may say."

"And where is Miss Petworth?"

"In a cab at the top of the street, sir. We was landed at Thames-street wharf just now, with only what we stands in, sir; and no money either of us, sir; only mine had saved her watch, and sent me to see if I could raise a few pounds on it, to take us home; but I expect it's all right, sir, now I've met you, so far as that goes."

"Yes, it's all right, Smith," said Wilford; "I'll see you safely booked for home. And so Petworth is drowned? Aye, aye—well, hurry along, Smith."

Westley approached the cab full of embarrassment. He did not know how far the treatment he had met with from Petworth had been known or sanctioned by Olivia. He had been inclined to judge that his sudden dismissal was a kind of sequel to the half-embittered talk he had had with Olivia the night before. And yet, when he came to think, he recalled the fact that Petworth had not had any communication with her from the time of that conversation until they went ashore together in the morning. Altogether his footing with Olivia was completely uncertain and undefined.

When he saw, however, the pale sorrowful face that was looking forth eagerly for the return of her messenger, his heart smote him with a feeling of love and pity. Her eyes brightened when she saw him, and she smiled a wan smile.

"Ah, now there is peace," she said, as she took his offered hand. "I did not know where you were, and that made things worse. Has Smith told you all about the terrible night?"

Westley nodded.

"Don't talk now, Olivia," he said, "but lean back in the corner and try to rest. I'll see to everything. You will go home, of course, to Puffin Abbey?"

Olivia signified assent, and Westley told the cabman to drive to the terminus. The seaman clambered up on the box, Westley got inside, and they were presently at their destination.

The seaman wanted to go to Portsmouth. It was from that port the yacht hailed, and he had to make some declaration to the Custom House people as to the facts of the wreck. Then he wanted to look out for a new berth for the rest of the season. So Smith went off by another line, and Westley put Olivia into a carriage for Benchester.

"Are you not coming too?" she asked as he stood by the carriage door.

"I can't leave London," he replied; "and even perhaps if I could, it would be better that you should be alone—you and your mamma—just at first, you know."

"As you please," said Olivia, wearily leaning her head against the cushion of the carriage. "I don't feel quite fit to travel alone, but that doesn't matter."

"It does matter," said Westley, impatiently, angry with himself for not having been more thoughtful. "What a brute I am to send you off on this long journey after all you have suffered! Olivia, will you come with me to see my cousins? They are good kind-hearted girls, and will take care of you and nurse you till you are fit to travel. Come, I insist upon it, Olivia."

"Oh, anything for rest!" she cried; "take me anywhere, but let me have rest. You don't know what I have seen and what I have suffered, Westley."

"Then you shall come with me," said Westly, taking her out of the carriage and hailing a cab.

"I can't worry her with any questions now, poor thing; and yet I wonder how we stand together after all; and I wonder too what Audrey will say to me when she finds out who it is whom I have brought to her to take care of."

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

There is no doubt whatever of the death of Petworth. His body was found one day soon after the wreck on the English shore near a coastguard station. Some letters and papers about him, which were still decipherable, showed his identity, and his remains were brought to Puffin Abbey, where they were honored with a grand funeral.

There was no chance, however, of Olivia's being able to go home for the occasion. She was lying ill in Bessemer gardens, too ill to be moved, and was tended with sisterly care by Audrey Wilford. Not a question did Audrey ask as to the possible relations between her and Westley. It was sufficient that she was ill and suffering, to obtain all her sympathy and help.

In the meantime bad news came in on both sides. The creditors of Westley Wilford had lost no time in disputing the claim of the two girls to the Wilfordhurst estate, and had obtained one decision in their favor. The matter was to be carried to another court, but still things looked grave; and the fact that a decision had been given against them weighed upon the spirits of all connected with the case on behalf of the girls.

Then again it turned out that Mr. Petworth had made no will. The fact seemed unaccountable in a man of his business habits, and taking into consideration his well-known intention to make Olivia his heiress. But a fact nevertheless it was. Mrs. Petworth was entitled to her third of the personal estate, but all the rest, and every scrap of the landed property, was to go to distant cousins, of whom nobody had ever heard before—hard-fisted, hard-featured men, small farmers from Essex—who, despite the splendid inheritance which had unexpectedly fallen into their grasp, cavilled on the ninth part of a hair, and were disposed to abate no jot or tittle of their utmost rights. They even claimed Olivia's jewels and personal ornaments, which had been given to her by Petworth, and refused to give them up. Olivia would not receive a penny from the estate, it seemed.

Then Mrs. Petworth, who had long been in delicate health, gave way altogether, under the shock of the sudden loss of her husband, and succumbed after a short illness. Her money went to her own relations; and thus Olivia's only resource now was her supposed mother, Mrs. Martin.

As for Mrs. Martin, she was still abroad. Martin had received several letters from her, announcing that her inquiries were not yet completed, and that she did not intend to return till she had finished them. She had heard of the loss of the yacht and of Petworth's death, and she fully comprehended that the guarantee she had obtained from him as to the thousand-pound legacy was now worthless. But she had another plan in her head, which she did not communicate to any one.

Westley Wilford was sinking lower and lower, supporting existence by the proceeds of the hypothecation of his personal belongings, a resource that rapidly exhausts itself. He had nothing else to turn to: he could not dig, and was ashamed to beg. He lived in a cheap lodging in the neighborhood of Chelsea, which, cheap as it was, exceeded his means. He began to get slovenly and demoralized, to sink into a torpor which was half indolence and half despair. His cousins, the Wilfords, he rarely saw, and Olivia he had not seen since the day he took her to Bessemer gardens. He would call there sometimes in the evening to inquire how they were going on, would smoke a pipe with Martin in his little room, and would talk about old times, or rather listen to the ex-butler's discourse on that subject. He had no energy for the society of his equals, and avoided everybody who had known him in his former state. All this must come to an end before long; his slender means would soon be exhausted, and then he would have to consider whether he should starve quietly in the streets or throw himself into the river.

Things were in this desperate state with him when one evening a visitor was announced, who proved to be Mrs. Martin, just returned from the Continent. Mrs. Martin remarked the scanty accommodation of Westley's room with pitying surprise. Everything was sordid, uncared for. Wilford himself, wrapped in an old flannel dressing-gown, was huddled up in a battered old arm-chair, with a long-since extinguished pipe in his mouth, looking the picture of sulky discomfort.

"My dear Mr. Wilford," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, "how came you to be staying in these inconvenient rooms, when there is my drawing-room floor waiting to receive you? It isn't at all kind of you."

"Mrs. Martin, if I took your top garret floor, I assure you I should only be robbing you; I am down at the very lowest of depths. But however, never mind about that, as poor old Petworth used to say. Take a chair, madame, please, if you can find one that will bear, and let me hear your adventures since I met you in Beauville. But first, refreshment; my credit is still good for a quart of bitter at the nearest tap."

"Nothing, thank you," said Mrs. Martin. "I am sorry to find you in such low spirits, Mr. Wilford; but depend upon it, these reverses are only temporary. Now what would you say, Mr. Wilford, if some one were to offer you a handsome sum for giving up your name?"

"What, ceasing to be Wilford, and becoming Brown, Jones, ay, or even Norfolk Howard? My dear Mrs. Brown—Martin I mean—if you can bring me in contact with a lunatic who is willing to give me a five-pound note for the transfer, I'm his man."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Martin. "I'm glad that you don't attach a superstitious veneration to your name; but suppose somebody proposed to you to become Petworth."

"That is a name to which I should have the strongest objection in the world. No, I don't think I would consent to be called Petworth. I should fancy that with the name the evil spirit of the man would descend like a mantle upon me."

"That is very foolish," said Mrs. Martin; "but I don't think the feeling will survive the knowledge of your real interest in the matter. I shall open the matter to you without further ado. You are Robert Petworth's son!"

"I don't believe it!" cried Westley, with an oath. "You are out of your mind, Mrs. Martin."

"You will see," she replied. "Did you ever hear of Miss Wilford, who was your father's sister?"

"I have heard something about her; she disgraced herself in some way, I think."

"Hush," said Mrs. Martin; "she was your mother. Now don't be excited, Mr. Westley; there is no stain upon your birth, so far. She was lawfully married to Robert Petworth, my brother. But he was persuaded to give her up, and she died abroad, giving birth to you. I was her companion, and I took care of you for several years, and we lived in that little cottage on the cliff to which you brought your father the day before the wreck."

"Can it be?" said Wilford, with a groan. "I remember the place certainly, and some one who called me bebe."

"Yes, you remembered the place well enough, and that was proof sufficient for me that you were the very boy I had carried in my arms. But I wasn't satisfied with such proof as that. I wanted personal testimony, and I found it; but with great difficulty. The doctor who attended you, and who was called into your poor little cousin when he lay a-dying in his father's carriage—that doctor had gone to Algeria, and I had a great difficulty to get at him. But through the good offices of the administration I traced him, and found that he was at that time on leave in Paris. I found him out; he remembered me, the bebe, all the circumstances of the visit of the Squire. The Squire's child, he is prepared solemnly to swear, died before it was out of his hands—died before it could be removed from the carriage. Well, you were carried on instead, and became the Squire's son."

"All this," said Westley, "is strangely borne out by my dim recollections."

"Well, I have other proof. They discharged their two nurses before they left France, paying them handsomely for their inconvenience. I have found one of these nurses. She, too, knows that the child of the Squire was dead, and that the one they had picked up at Beauville was taken on with them. She believed them to be twins, they were so much alike; so were the brother and the sister, your mother and the Squire."

"But if all this be true," said Westley, "and it certainly explains some obscure experiences in my early life, of what good would be the knowledge to any one? You can't take away my inheritance, for I have already lost it."

"Of what good?" cried Mrs. Martin. "Don't I come back and find everybody in the very depths of misfortune? There are your poor cousins, who are likely to lose all their fortune through your extravagance; there is poor Olivia, who has not a penny, and there is Martin and I, who are robbed of our poor thousand pounds, the reward of a life of service. You are at the bottom of it all—you, Westley Wilford, and I challenge you to deny it."

"Well, I'm not going to sing my *mea culpa* to you, Mrs. Martin," said Wilford, rather sulkily.

"No; but if you could save all this—save it and put it right—give your cousins their fortune, give Olivia a handsome competence, get us paid our thousand-pounds legacy—if you could do all this, and backed out of it on a question of foolish pride——"

"Show me how I can do it," said Wilford, "and you'll find my pride won't stand in the way."

"Then go down to Puffin Abbey, kick out the cousins from Essex, take possession of everything as Petworth's only lawful son. Fight them in the law-courts; there is plenty of evidence; and then, when you've won the battle, give Olivia—give your sister—a fair share in the inheritance."

"My sister!" cried Westley. "Olivia!"

"Yes, she is Petworth's natural daughter. She is no daughter of mine, although I assumed the part of mother, to allay the suspicions of his wife, and to give him an opportunity of adopting the child whom he always loved better than anything else in the world."

Westley rose from the chair, and began to pace the room excitedly.

"A sister?" he muttered. "Olivia; yes, she is a dear good girl, and I really loved her; only with something more like a brother's love than a lover's. Yes, whatever I get, Olivia shall share it," he added aloud to Mrs. Martin; "but I'm afraid it is all in the clouds."

"Then we will bring it down from the clouds," said Mrs. Martin, resolutely. "But even you and Olivia are not the only persons concerned. There are your cousins. Establish the fact of your true parentage, and all their troubles come to an end. Your representatives could not sell Wilfordhurst, because it was never rightly yours. The young ladies will keep their money, and Martin and I will get our thousand pounds."

"Then I'll be Petworth from this time for evermore," said Westley, hastily throwing off his old dressing-gown and putting on his walking-coat—"yes, even if I have to bear the full obloquy of the name," he added under his breath. "And now I'm going back with you to Bessemer gardens to tell the girls all about it, and to give Olivia her first fraternal greeting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia:

Montfort Hall. A novel. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, author of "The Household of Bouverie," etc.

Mrs. Warfield's new novel is admirable and original in plot, varied in incidents, and intensely absorbing in interest; it is a work of considerable merit, and the story is charmingly told by the heroine.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:

Dear Lady Disdain. A novel. By Justin McCarthy, author of "A Fair Saxon," "Lady Judith," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

This, we think, is the author's best, and will take rank as one of the best written and most interesting novels of the season.

The Little Joanna. By Kamba Thorpe. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The story has been a serial in *Appleton's Journal* for some months. It is pitched in Virginia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the Basil family of ladies, senior and junior, giving each a striking originality, and employing all to swell the artlessness and goodness of Little Joanna.

From W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia:

The British Quarterly Review, for January, 1876. Republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

This is a more than usually interesting and valuable number of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Longacre & Co., Engravers, Philadelphia, a Centennial Picture; a fine lithograph, on heavy plate paper, 22 by 28 inches, showing all the Centennial Buildings, their proportionate sizes and architectural grandeur; a bird's eye view of the Centennial grounds; a beautiful view of that part of Fairmount Park, with a map of Philadelphia. This is not only a good picture, but is full of valuable reference by which strangers can make themselves perfectly familiar with the Grounds, Buildings, City of Philadelphia, and approaches by railroads and street cars from every part of the city to and from the Exhibition Buildings.

NEW MUSIC.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio:

Whitney's Musical Guest, for February, 1876. It well deserves its name, and will be found a most entertaining companion in the homes of all who may receive its welcome visits. The vocal portion of the Musical Department and the literary matter are both fully up to the usual standard.

From G. D. Russell & Co., 125 Tremont St., Boston:

The Orpheus, for January, 1876. A repertory of Music, Art and Literature. Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, and G. D. Russell & Co., Boston.

This claims to have the largest circulation of any musical journal in America, and the price is only ten cents a number. It contains all the latest information concerning musical matters all over the world, and also two pieces of music, either of which is worth double the price of the magazine.

Also, "America Waltz;" by Frank J. Triggs. "Out in the Starlight;" words and music by Harry Kennedy, the great ventriloquist. "Bird on the Wing;" waltz; by E. Jullian Gray. "The Old Village Church;" words by Beatrice Abercrombie; music by Camille. "The Veterans of '76;" grand triumphal march; by J. T. Wamelink. "In the bushes of the Midnight;" words by T. B. Aldrich; music by O. Henshaw Daud. "Jump Rope Schottische;" by E. Jullian Gray.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 E. Fourteenth Street, New York:

"Le Beau Monde" (The Fashionable World); polka de salon; by Alonzo Stones. "Who is this Little Maiden?" song; music by Thomas P. Murphy. "Dream of the Sea Waltzes;" by Willard Spencer, composer of "Zero Waltzes," etc.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass., have favored us with the following pieces of music:

"The Old Oaken Bucket;" song and chorus; words by Woodworth; arranged by T. P. Ryder. "As Pants the Hart;" solo and quartette; by E. Bosserman; one of a collection of choice sacred music for choir and home. "The Rose of the Alps;" a very pretty English ballad; by George Linley. "Our Nation's Birthday;" a stirring composition; by M. Keller; this was the last work of this lamented author, and intended by him for use at the Centennial Exposition, which he earnestly hoped he might live to visit. "Castle Chimes;" meditation religieuse; by Eben H. Bailey; op. 50. "Angel Eyes;" words by S. S. Hamill; music by J. L. Gilbert, author of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," etc. "The Sunny Side of Life;" song and chorus; music composed and arranged by Wm. C. Wright. "Etudes de la Velocite;" pour le piano; American fingering; by C. Czerny; op. 299. "Pull down the Blind;" song; by Chas. McCarthy. "Shells we gathered years ago;" song and chorus words by Geo. Cooper; music by Harry Birch. "Erin;" grande fantaisie de concert; by Geo. Fox. "Affection;" op. 16; composed by Frederic J. Eustis, the boy pianist. "Lightly Row Variations," "Playful Mood Mazurka," "Light-hearted Cadets' March," and "Merry Evening Polka;" four of a series of "Playful Hours for Young Pianists;" by William C. Wright.

POVERTY AND LARGE CROPS.—Probably in no year since the establishment of this Republic has there been more pinching want, suffering, starvation, business embarrassment and financial depression than in the year just closed. And yet the crops have been more abundant than before, and nature more prolific in providing for the physical wants of man. Man and government and not nature are to blame that there is so much want and trouble abroad in the land. The agricultural reports for November and December say that the November returns indicate that the corn crop of 1875 was one of the largest ever grown in this country, probably equalling the very large crops of 1870 and 1872. It is at least a fourth greater than the crop of 1869 reported in the last census. Every section in the Union reports an increase.

DELIVER us from the man whose tongue never made a mistake, and who keeps a note of the fact! If there is any one thing more provoking to a sinner—and we are all sinners—than another, it is one of these consciously perfect folks.

HE submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO.

MR. EDITOR:—If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers, I shall be glad.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in a large dry goods store to execute my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show the gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico, and spead it out on the counter.

"Why, this isn't the shade," said I.

"No, not exactly," said she, "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but you see I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico which needs to be made larger or mended or something. I want some calico of this same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied; "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes, but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red," said she.

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have plain calico in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few steps further up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter on the right."

I went to the third counter on the right and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"The gentleman said you had," I replied.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's," he answered.

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I enquired.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want."

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I replied.

"No," said he, "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry goods store. Of the first salesman I inquired if they kept red calico like that sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went upstairs. Then I asked a man: "Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there," and he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salesmen, and around the counters and tables filled with goods to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample.

"Calicoes down stairs," said the salesman.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find them down stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes, we've got it finer."

And he took down a piece of calico and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he, "the goods is better and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care about the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you have got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of the room."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady who stood behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said; "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "Cash!" A little girl with yellow hair in two long plaits came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own name, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper and the money.

After a very long time—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the paper and the money to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, and copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper, and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in a book—the girl came to me bringing my change and the piece of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife.

She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why this don't match the piece I gave you."

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it. You didn't want it matched. You were mistaken. What you want is Turkey red—third counter to the left."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," she said, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

KITTY'S LOVER.

BY F. S. MILLS.

John Patterson was driving his venerable horse slowly homeward from the little village of Briarton.

They were passing the low-lying farm of Nathan Lynne, and John, without daring for the life of him to turn his head, rolled his great black eyes towards the substantial stone farm-house, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Kitty, the farmer's comely daughter. But, though John kept his eyes turned in their sockets till his head ached fearfully, he saw nothing of Kitty.

John was desperately in love with Kitty Lynne, and had been for many a day, and yet he dared not tell her so.

He generally managed to bow to her, but even that always brought a great lump into his throat, and turned his face the color of a peony.

As John passed over a little knoll and out of sight of the house, the farmer's great orchard—the trees ready to break down under the weight of ripe fruit—was before him.

"What a while that miller kept me waiting for my grist. I'm as hungry as a bear. I must have a pocketful of those yellow beauties to eat on my way home."

And with this John drew rein, scaled the fence and struck out for his favorite tree.

He knew as well as Farmer Lynne did where the best apples were to be found. John had filled his pockets, and was about to retrace his steps to his wagon, when he caught the flutter of a pink dress though a cluster of trees, and heard Kitty's merry voice in conversation with some one.

Stealing a hasty glance through the trees, John recognized Kitty's companion to be her cousin, Hetty Shaw, from the village.

They were coming directly towards the tree under which John was standing. What in the world was he to do?

He did not fancy running away like a detected thief, and his trembling knees and palpitating heart warned him that if he would not die then and there he must seek a place of concealment.

To add to John's embarrassment, he was conscious that he was not in the least "tidied up."

He was in his everyday garb. To make the matter worse, his clothes were covered with flour, which had somehow got on while he was waiting at the mill.

John glanced up into the tree, but the foliage was not thick, and there was little chance for a hiding-place there.

Near the tree was an inverted hogshead, which had been used as a temporary dog-kennel, and a hole, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, had been made to admit the dog.

The hogshead had once been used as a temporary dog-kennel, and a hole, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, had been made to admit the dog.

The hogshead afforded the only retreat within the trembling young man's reach, and he was not long in squeezing himself inside of it.

The girls came on and sat down on the grass right where John, by stooping down and peering through the circular hole, could watch them.

Kitty, he thought, looked prettier and brighter than ever in her pink dress, and the sun, which was settling into the west, made her brown hair as golden as the apples in her lap.

Kitty held up an apple by the stem, saying:

"Name it, Hetty; but not Will Joyce, nor Jerry Davis, nor——"

"There, stop; the apple is named," said Hetty, merrily.

Kitty pared and eat her apple, carefully saving all the seeds.

When she had them all in her chubby hand, she held them out for Hetty to spell the name.

Touching each seed with her finger, Hetty spelled:

"J-o-h-n P-a-t-t-e-r-s-o-n."

"It spells exactly. Why Kitty, what are you blushing so for? One would think that fellow's name was spelled out in your heart in indelible letters, by the way you look."

Kitty said nothing, though she looked uncommonly sober for her, John thought, and he wondered if the girls didn't hear his heart beat.

He thought, too, that Kitty was angry that anyone would suppose that she cared for him.

How humble he felt; he could scarce tell why; his cheeks burned with wounded pride.

"Now, really, Kitty," said her cousin, with a bantering laugh, "if you don't drive away that forlorn look, I shall think you care more than your pride will let you acknowledge for that great awkward booby, who hasn't the courage, nor ever will have, to ask you to have him."

"Hush, Hetty!" said Kitty, as she rose to her feet, and her cheeks glowed with a flush of deepest crimson. "You do not know John Patterson as we do, or you would not utter what you have. He is not awkward at home with his mother. You ought to see how kind and considerate he is to her. Father drops in there often, and he says there isn't a more noble-hearted man to be found. John is industrious; do you know what he does with his money? Father says he is paying off the mortgage of his mother's little farm, and that when he has a few dollars more than are necessary for a payment, he expends them for books. Mark my words, Hetty, John Patterson will yet be a man that you will be proud to class among your friends. He has intellect of no common order. It's only his great bashfulness that keeps him back now."

"Now, Kitty, you are too absurd," and Hetty laughed as though she thought her companion in jest. "Well, it is leap year; you had better offer yourself to this paragon. I don't believe he will refuse."

"I know no one whom I would sooner marry—so there!"

And Kitty's face was scarlet with blushes as she made this frank acknowledgment.

But John was not looking at her now.

He was crouched in the most remote part of the hogshead, trying by various gestures to drive away a dog which threatened to make his whereabouts known.

The sun had gone down, and John's hungry horse had quietly walked off home, and still the two girls chatted away.

"Well, Bruno, what have you got in there? I'm sure you've been whining and pawing there for half an hour, at least."

And Hetty came forward and patted the dog's hairy back with her hands.

"Why, Kitty, there is some dreadful animal in here. What a pair of eyes it has? Thank my nerves, if uncle and Charlie are away, I can fire a gun. I'll soon know what that horrid creature is. In my opinion, here is where your geese have gone to. I'll warrant the ground in there is strewn with bones. You and Bruno keep watch while I run to the house for a gun."

Hatty rattled all this off in a breathless fashion, and before Kitty had time to look at the "dreadful animal," her cousin was on her way to the house.

What was John to do now? Stay where he was, or crawl from his lair like a Hottentot from his hut, and right before Kitty's eyes too?

The faithful dog began to wag his tail and whine with renewed animation, and John thought the gun must be coming surely. Life was sweeter to him now since hearing what Kitty had said of himself than ever before, and creeping to the opening, he began getting out.

Kitty, who was peering anxiously in, saw that "the creature" was moving—that it was coming towards her—and giving a spasmodic little scream, she sank helplessly to the ground and covered her face with her apron.

Kitty's distress made John for the moment forget that he was the most bashful man alive, and surely the arms which Kitty felt encircling her waist were not those of a wild beast.

Knowing this, it did not need a great amount of courage to enable her to uncover her face, and see that the great eyes which had so frightened her belonged to John Patterson.

It was strange that neither she nor John, during the half-hour they tarried together under the apple tree, thought of Hetty, or the gun she had gone to bring.

Perhaps neither would have remembered Hetty's boasted "nerve" in connection with the use of that weapon again, had not the young lady herself two years later reminded a certain happy bridegroom and his equally happy bride of the incident, and informed them that she knew all the time that John was in the hogshead, as she saw him put himself there, and that her part of the conversation under the apple-tree was indulged in solely with a view to encourage the bashful lover to propose.

Mrs. John Patterson scolded her cousin bridesmaid for her duplicity, but for all that it was plain to be seen she was not angry, especially since Hetty had that very day acknowledged that she was proud to class her cousin's handsome husband among her friends.

HARD BUTTER.

BY DEWEY BIBBLE.

Near B—— College, some years ago, lived an humble blacksmith named Wells, who claimed relationship with Ex-Governor Wells, and who had a son named Fountain Wells.

It is not, however, of the illustrious kinsman, nor yet of Mr. Wells himself, that we would speak, but of a pet ram owned by that hardy son of Vulcan. "*Oleomargarine*," the boys dubbed him, because he was a noted *butter*.

Phrenological examination, we always thought, would have shown his bumps of sagacity and pugnacity over average size, but of this we can say nothing absolutely definite, for we only felt his head once, and then—— Well, we had enough to do to look after our own bumps for a while. Scientific research is a good thing, and perseverance is a good thing, but persistent investigation upon that occasion would have ended in a funeral, and it wouldn't have been Oleo's funeral, either.

Sociability was another characteristic of Oleomargarine's. He wasn't much of a hand to talk, himself, but he liked to hear talking, and he could nod his head and scrape his foot at people as well as anybody. The popularity of good listeners is proverbial, but Oleo was an exception. He was too sensitive and impulsive to be universally beloved. For instance, if he saw a man salaam to his sweetheart, reach down to tie his shoe, or stoop over to pick up his hat, the act was construed as a personal indignity, and resented by a stern *brow-beating* not soon forgotten or forgiven by its recipient. Since the days of Mary's Little Lamb, there never was such a sheep as Oleo for visiting schools. He would run over to the academy at recess and invert all the little boys and girls on the grounds; then he would trot up to the African school, on High street, and double up a darkey or two; and then he would kick up his heels, prance around the back way, climb a stile, ascend a hill, and pay his respects to B—— College.

Oleo's presence was a source of much amusement to the students and a source of much annoyance to the teachers. Andy, the janitor, was strenuously admonished to keep him out of college; but Oleo had "a head of his own," and he oftentimes got ahead of Andy, who had not the happy faculty of guarding all the doors at once.

One day he passed the portals all unseen, and mounted two flights of steps to a third-story hall. Once up, he posted himself, with his tail toward an end window, and with his two great eyes, glaring defiance at the door of a recitation-room at the other end of the hall. Along the passage between, doors led into students' bed-rooms.

An occupant of one of these chambers chanced to look out, took in the situation at a glance, and determined to have some fun. Advancing into the hall, he bowed politely to the visitor. As was anticipated, Oleomargarine lowered his head and darted at him. The boy sprang in at the side door, but the ram went on against the recitation-room door—BOOM!

A tomb-like silence did not pervade that schoolroom for a few seconds. More than one slate was dropped and broken. The preparatorians thought it was judgment day or a double-barrelled earthquake; and the preceptor probably thought what the Dutch boy did when his daddy whipped him, but he didn't say it. He did a worse thing for himself, though. He opened the door, and then he couldn't have said it, even if he had wanted to, for old Oleo butted the breath out of him before you could have cried ba!

Luckily the janitor arrived in time to prevent the *coup-de-grace*. Clutching his fingers in the sheep's long wool, with a mighty effort, he hoisted the horrible creature out at the nearest window, and then sent a boy for a doctor. Oleo fell on his head and was somewhat stupefied for a moment, but he recovered sufficiently in time to upset the messenger that had been dispatched for a physician, after which he struck a bee-line for home.

At last, word got to a doctor that the professor was dying, and he hurried to college as fast as his legs could carry him. Everybody was too much excited and alarmed to render an intelligible explanation, but that didn't matter, for the medical man said it was the plainest kind of a case of *sun-stroke*. In the first place, he poured cold water over the patient to spoil him off, and then he forced hot brandy down his throat to warm him up. Finding this unavailing he had the patient borne into the laboratory, where he shocked him with electricity till the hair stood out from his head like the quills of a porcupine. Finally science triumphed. One eye opened; the other eye opened; the patient sneezed; then he raised himself to a sitting posture and pressed his hands upon his stomach.

"Maybe you think yours truly doesn't know how to treat sun-stroke!" said the doctor, proudly, to the spectators. Then turning to the patient, he inquired: "How do you feel, sir?"

The reanimated smiled a sickly sort of smile and replied: "I—I feel rather *sheepish*."

So did the medical man before he was a day older.

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is, "Oh, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies? A cold not only clogs up the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. "Oh," you say, "it is nothing but a *cold* in my head." True; but *that cold* is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic. Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of diseases. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressure in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. If the disease be allowed to continue in its course, thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes become softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only sure and safe remedy which has yet been offered to the public. Many harsh, irritating preparations may, for a time, relieve the urgency of the symptoms, but they do not cure the disease. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is soothing and healing in its effects, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, according to directions, does not fail to effect a cure. Sold by all Druggists.

RECEIPTS.

BRICKS saturated with tar are impermeable to damp.

BRASS wire should be softened before being used for rivets. To soften, heat and allow to cool, or dip in water.

HOW TO GROW FAT.—It is said that a pint of milk, taken every night just before retiring to rest will soon make the thinnest figure plump. Here is a simple and pleasant means by which thin, scrawny women may acquire plump, rounded figures.

To prevent the skin discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, merely moisten it with cold water, and place it on the injured part. This is best done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. Invaluable for black eyes.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—Have your boots and shoes made to fit your feet, instead of trying to shape your feet to the boots and shoes. Then soak the excrescences in warm water occasionally, cut off the softened surface, and in due time they will be seen no more forever.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA.—Make a thick solution of gum arabic in water, then stir in plaster of paris until the mixture becomes a sticky paste. Apply with a brush to the broken edges, stick them together, and in three days the article cannot be broken in the same place.

BLACK WALNUT STAIN.—Take one-quarter of a pound of asphaltum, one-half pound of common beeswax, and one gallon of turpentine. If the mixture is found too thin, add beeswax; if too light in color, add asphaltum; a very little will make a great difference in the shade. Varnishing is not necessary, as the wax gives a good gloss. This is a good stain for pine.

AN excellent hair tonic, preventing the hair from falling out, and at the same time stimulating a new and healthy growth, is made as follows: Scald two ounces of black tea with one gallon of boiling water; strain and add three ounces of glycerine, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, and one quart of bay rum. Mix well by shaking, and then perfume to the taste.

WHAT is said to be a good dentifrice, largely sold and advertised, is made of a half drachm Castile soap, dissolved in one ounce alcohol, three-fourths of an ounce of water and a quarter of an ounce of glycerine. This is colored with cochineal and flavored, with peppermint, wintergreen and clove oils. The powder which accompanies each bottle is a mixture of precipitated chalk, powdered orrisroot and carbonate of magnesia.

TO make black stencil ink, take of shellac two parts, borax one part, lampblack sufficient quantity, indigo sufficient quantity. Boil the shellac and the borax in the water until they are dissolved, and the gum arabic, and withdraw the mixture from the fire. When cold add lampblack to bring it to a suitable color and consistence, and lastly a very small quantity of finely powdered indigo to give it a "jet" shade. Keep in glass or earthenware vessels.

GREASE or paint spots in clothes are easily removed by oil of turpentine, or a hot iron pressed on the place over coarse brown paper, after scraping all that can be got off with a blunt knife. Stains may be removed from light-colored clothes, such as drabs, buffs, or whites, with fuller's earth; but this is apt to take the color out of dark cloths. It should be dissolved in a little boiling water, put on the spot when hot, held to the fire to dry, and then brushed out. Pitch is removed, first, by rubbing the place over with grease or oil, and then taking out the oil by the application of spirits of turpentine.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER!"

WE know of many cases where women have had their home duties greatly lightened by use of Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia). We advise you to try it and satisfy yourself of its merit.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—The length of gas mains in London is 5,000 miles, and there are more than 54,000 street lamps, which burn 6,000,000 cubic feet of gas every night.

—A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

—A careful measurement of the distance has demonstrated the fact that the visitor to the Centennial, who would see everything on exhibition in the buildings, must walk eighty-four and five-eighths miles.

—They say that the huge bullion scales in the Carson, Nevada, mint are so delicately adjusted that the difference in weight between a gray and a brown hair from the same person's head can be readily determined, a recent test showing the difference to be two-millionths of a grain.

—At Saratoga, the other day, a bridegroom stepped off the cars for a moment and the train went off with his bride. He followed by the next train down, and she on the other hand returned by the next train up, and they passed each other on the road. This operation was repeated, each trip leaving them at different ends of the route, until a peremptory telegram kept the bride stationary until her husband reached her.

—As everybody and the baby will want a flag during the Centennial, we herewith give the dimensions. The garrison flag is 36 feet fly and 20 feet hoist. The blue field is of the length of one-third of the flag, extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe, and holds as many white stars as there are States in the Union. The storm flag is 20 feet by 10 feet; the recruiting flag, 9 feet 9 inches by 4 feet 4 inches.

—The Germans do not dress for the opera. They go there out of love for the music, at an early hour, and in costume which is the most comfortable. A few ladies in the dress circle appear in full toilette, but no one need be surprised to see every lady pull her knitting out of her pocket. There is a homely simplicity in the audience which is thoroughly German. It is apparently no more sin to go to the opera in Berlin than it is to go to Thursday-evening meeting in America.

—The following custom is still observed, to a limited extent, in Nottingham. One of the heads of the family, previous to locking the street-door for the last time in the year, carefully deposits a gold coin in close proximity to the door, where it is allowed to remain until the new year has been ushered in by the ringing of the church bells, when the gold is taken indoors. This is believed to ensure the supply of money for the year's necessaries.

—London shopkeepers are wroth with the Duchess of Edinburgh because, although she has "the fortune of an empire on her back," she will not lavish it upon them. Though the wife of an English prince, she bestows her patronage not upon English but French shopkeepers. This seems to be more than the shopkeeping cockney can endure, and his disgust is increased by the fact that many of his fashionable native customers find out where her Imperial Highness buys, and, like the fowls of the fable, follow her abroad.

—At last the great nations of the earth have formed a postal union, and since January 1st the rates of international postage between the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, the German Empire, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and Turkey, are five cents for a half-ounce letter and two cents for a newspaper—the same rates applying to letters and papers to and from Australia and Shanghai and the United States. Strange to relate, although the confederation has been in existence in part for some time, the last power to join was France, and hence the grand circuit could not be completed until the present year.

Why Will They Do It?

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analyzed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York City.

Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.

Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1876

Saturday Evening, March 11, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

A NEW STORY.

Next week we shall commence a new Story, entitled, "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," by the well-known writer, Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc. Of her last work the following eulogiums from such distinguished critics as the London *Athenæum* and the London *Times* will, we are confident, be sufficient to create a lively interest among our readers:

"A thoroughly good novel."—*Athenæum.*

"No one can ever be dull who has this novel by Miss Braddon in hand. The most tiresome journey would be beguiled, and the most wearisome illness brightened by this her last work." *Times.*

We hope that every one will be sure to read it and recommend it to their friends.

MISSION OF ADVERSITY.

Adversity is the touchstone of character. As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odor, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them. Hence, trials often unmask virtues, and bring to light hidden graces, which otherwise would forever have remained obscured.

Men, apparently useless and purposeless, have, when placed in positions of difficulty and responsibility, exhibited powers of character before unsuspected. Some of the greatest minds that have ever existed upon the earth would never have made their rare gifts of benefit to others, had they not been drawn out and purified by adversity. The poets, whose sublime strains have cheered so many human hearts, have learned in suffering what they have taught in song. Had their paths in life been strewn with roses, had they been wafted onward by the favoring gale of prosperity, the multitudes would have missed those grand inspiring words that have so helped them in the weary battle of life.

PERNICIOUS READING.

It is impossible to realize fully how great the influence of a newspaper must be. It is the daily and weekly companion of thousands of families. What it is, to a large extent, they are. The solemnity and responsibility of such an influence is beyond all expression, could it but be realized. There are powers for evil all over our land. The wholesale manufacturer of alcoholic drink scatters poison to ruin families innumerable, but we doubt if all the evil so produced is equal to the mischief caused by the wide circulation of a sensation paper.

The effect of drink on the character is not very unlike that of the effect which trashy sensational stories have on the minds of readers. A young person who has contracted a habit and a taste for this kind of reading very soon learns to neglect pressing and important engagements, and gives way to the temptation of reading that which will not only *not* improve the intellect, but gradually and surely ruin it, making independent thought almost impossible, while the feelings become blunted by being brought into constant and repeated contact with the most exciting and tragic incidents.

It becomes the solemn duty of all parents to take care that their children are provided with, and learn to enjoy, reading of a healthy and educating nature.

TEMPER.—It has been said that men succeed in life quite as much by their temper as by their talents. However this may be, it is certain that their happiness in life depends mainly upon their equanimity of disposition, their patience and forbearance, and their kindness and thoughtfulness for those about them. It has been very truly said, that in seeking the good of others we find our own. There are some natures so happily constituted that they can find good in every thing. There is no calamity so great but they can educe comfort or consolation from it—no sky so black but they can discover a gleam of sunshine issuing through it from some quarter or another; and if the sun be not visible to their eyes, they at least comfort themselves with the thought that it is there, though veiled from them for some good and wise purpose.

"SOME DAY."

"Some day," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the Morning Lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,
But we will wait and not forget

That some day all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

So wait, my friend, though years move slow,
The happy time will come, we know.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART IX.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

The early history of nearly all of the thirteen colonies was darkened by Indian warfare of some description—provocation given by the whites, how bitterly revenged by the natives!

To this sad tale must be added a sadder, in a brief recital of those wars growing out of conflicts between the French and English in Europe, and known as King William's War, (1689), Queen Anne's War, (1702), and King George's War, (1744).

These form in our colonial history a chain of petty wars, especially harassing and destructive to the English settlers, because they were not called upon to meet an avowed enemy in the open field, and what the French lacked in military skill or force, was made up to them by midnight attacks upon scattered villages and lonely families.

The savage—wily, treacherous, and delighting in scenes of blood—was rendered an invaluable ally by means of French training, and the acquisition of French arms.

The New England colonies and New York, being near neighbors of the French in Canada, suffered most during these years.

Finally the French showed themselves so active in building forts in the interior of the continent, that the other settlers, who, after all, only possessed a narrow strip along the sea-coast, became seriously apprehensive of their growing strength, particularly as a prophecy was uttered at this time, to the effect that before long the British would not "have a hundred miles from the sea anywhere."

The French had gained their great power over the natives, principally through the influence of the early Jesuit missionaries, who had converted many to the Romish faith; besides this, they had treated the Indians with more consideration than the English, evincing their national adaptability by falling in more readily with their manners and customs, having even intermarried with them.

The French held Canada and Nova Scotia, and laid claim to all the interior region from the St. Lawrence River to the mouth of the Mississippi, boasting proudly that they would hold it, allowing no encroachments of the colonists.

Formed of many elements, the colonies had been more largely settled by the British, and were rapidly becoming English in their spirit and institutions. The Anglo-Saxon blood is warlike, and small differences of nationality are readily forgotten when a common foe menaces. The colonists, repulsed in their attempts to survey the valley of the Ohio, determined to submit no longer to French aggression.

Accordingly George Washington, then a young man of twenty-one, was sent by the Governor of Virginia to remonstrate with the French officers. This is the first time that the name of Washington appears permanently in the history that it afterwards served to illumine.

During this journey—full of hardship and peril, and unsuccessful in the main—Washington passed the meeting-place of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and with quick military foresight recognized the advantages there presented for a fortress.

This led to the subsequent establishment of Fort Pitt, named after the great statesman, and still later, to that of the city of Pittsburg.

At Fort Le Bœuf, the young envoy met with an obstinate foe in Gardeur de St. Pierre, the French commandant; and that nation continuing to erect forts until they had a line of sixty reaching from Quebec to New Orleans, the English declared war against them. Thus was inaugurated the war—known in history as the French and Indian—which was preeminently a contest for supremacy on the American continent between these old rivals, who, even on the broad prairies of the New World, could not dwell in peace.

In Virginia, the birthplace of the hero of the revolution, war began in earnest, radiating out toward the other colonies as from a centre of martial inspiration. Governor Dinwiddie made young Washington commander of the troops of his own State. Being joined by recruits from other colonies, Colonel Fry was placed at the head of the army.

The English undertook to build a fort on the present site of Pittsburg; the French drove them away, and rechristening the place Fort Du Quesne, completed the work.

Washington, with his Virginia troops, advanced as far as Great Meadows, determined to retake the fort. Here he was met by the French, and the first battle was fought, the first blood spilled, in a war that lasted for nine years. To quote the beautiful language of Bancroft, when he speaks of Washington's command to fire—which opened this engagement:

"It was the signal for the first great war of the revolution. There, in the western forest, began the battle which was to banish from the soil and neighborhood of our republic the institutions of the Middle Age, and to inflict on them fatal wounds throughout the continent of Europe."

Colonel Fry being mortally wounded in this battle, Washington was left in command of the little army. A few months later, being overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy, he withdrew from the basin of the Ohio, leaving all the region of the Alleghenies under the dominion of the French flag.

At Albany, then a small Dutch town, an assembly was convened in the summer of 1754, the first at which all the colonies were represented.

Twenty-five delegates were present and fifty Indian chiefs, for some powerful tribes, known as the Six Nations, at this eventful crisis, joined the colonists. To this mixed multitude, Dr. Franklin proposed his plan of union, illustrating it by a picture of a snake cut in pieces, to represent the colonies with their separate interests and governments. The motto was "Unite or Die," and the whole design was afterwards used as a flag.

The colonies were not yet ready for the perfect union proposed by Franklin, but drawn together for the time, prepared for war in earnest. Their first step, however, was a cruel act—nothing less than the expatriation of the peaceable French settlers of Acadia, so beautifully and touchingly described by Longfellow, in his poem of "Evangeline." More than nineteen hundred persons were turned out of their homes in obedience to this cruel mandate.

"O'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women.
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland."

The British Government now promised the colonists aid, and sent in 1755, as commander-in-chief of the American forces, Edward Braddock. Three armies were mustered, one to march against Fort Du Quesne, commanded by General Braddock with Washington as his aid; another against the forts on Lake Ontario, and the third against those in Lake Champlain. Braddock, ignorant both of the nature of the country and of the proper method of conducting a war against savages, and unwilling to listen to the advice of his young aid, met with a signal defeat on the 9th of July, 1755. Several British officers were killed, and the General himself mortally wounded. Washington, who had distinguished himself during this engagement, skilfully effected a retreat and saved the army.

This defeat was to the colonists what Bull Run was to the North, it roused the latent energies of England and America, and William Pitt, being made prime minister of England, brought his brilliant talents to bear upon the campaign of 1758, the few years succeeding Braddock's defeat having been marked by other losses.

Louisburg, Frontenac, and Du Quesne were the trophies of this campaign. Animated by success, Pitt resolved to push the war into Canada, a land and naval force was sent over from England, and General Amherst made commander of the colonial forces. Crown Point on Lake Champlain was taken by Amherst, and Fort Niagara by Johnson; but the most crushing blow to the French was the capture of Quebec, admirably situated and strongly fortified.

General Wolfe had been repeatedly repulsed; but though ill and prostrated by fever, he roused himself from his sick bed to make a final attack upon the fortress, having discovered a vulnerable point to be reached from the heights of Abraham, above the city. This expedition was a midnight one, and as General Wolfe was rowed over the still water to a certain cave that opened into the winding defile, leading to the Heights, he softly repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," saying, that he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec—as if, in the calm that brooded over that evening before the battle, he foresaw with prophetic insight the shadows that were to darken for him the joy of victory.

The British were able to land without attracting the notice of the French sentinels, and General Montcalm, ignorant of the strategem, had his appetite for breakfast disturbed by seeing on the high plains above the city the brilliant glow of many red coats.

In the severe engagement that ensued both brave commanders were slain. Wolfe exclaimed, with his last breath on hearing that the French fled, "Then I die content," while Montcalm, mortally wounded, when told of approaching death, said, "So much the better, I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

A tall monument, in this city, commemorates the heroic deeds of these two brave men, who fell each for his king and country doing his best.

Quebec surrendered five days later, and during the summer Montreal fell into the hands of the British, effectually breaking the power of the French in America.

In 1763 the Indian chief Pontiac stirred up a fierce war, which finally terminated in favor of the colonists. A treaty of peace was concluded the same year in Paris, giving Great Britain away over the larger part of the continent, the French dominion being greatly limited. These struggles, revealing to the colonists their "inherent strength in Union," formed a fitting prelude to a greater struggle.

The warlike sinews of the young nation were being strengthened by use, and the mother-country, although she recked it not, was helping to prepare her fledgelings to turn and rend the breast that had once sheltered them.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER!"

SPEAKING of literary journals, reminds us that there is one which we can recommend to our readers as THE literary journal of America. In thus speaking we refer to none other than the SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at Philadelphia, the now famous city of the world, owing to the grand Centennial Exposition being held there this summer. The POST has been a household pet in our family for many years, and we still prize it above all other papers we read. The POST is now in its 55th year, and has gradually been growing better every year as far back as we can remember. The publishers spare no pains in securing the best of contributors, and every department is ably conducted. In addition, or rather as a premium to the subscribers to this valuable old fireside friend, the proprietors have published a beautiful chromo entitled "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," which is not only really beautiful, but an evidence of the perfection of art.—*The Courant, Howard City, Elk Co., Kansas, Feb.* 2, 1876.

WHAT a marked distinction there is between brutal courage and the intrepid conduct of principle; yet they are frequently confounded by the undiscerning, who set down blustering for bravery.

IT never was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

THE GOLD RING.

BY JOHN H. WEAVER.

The struggle between Great Britain and the Colonies had ended, and swords were being converted into plowshares, when Dorothy Dingwood, widow, and her two daughters were living on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, not many miles from Manhattan Island.

Jeremiah Johnson was her neighbor—a small yard separating the two houses.

It is well known that during the Revolution, many of the inhabitants buried their treasure in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Hessians, whom they dreaded even more than the regular English soldiers.

In Dorothy's day, there were many stories afloat concerning treasure-trove, and the superstitious were more careful to remember their dreams then than they are now.

Dorothy Dingwood had dreamed a wonderful dream. It seemed to worry her. It had made such an impression on her mind that she could not get rid of it.

"I must tell it to you now," she said to Mrs. Johnson. "I've been thinking of it all forenoon."

"Of what?"

"My dream. It was such a curious one——"

"Ugh!" interrupted Mrs. Johnson, laughingly. "You're always dreaming!" and she kept at her work, paying little or no attention to the story.

Dorothy recounted only a portion of it, seeing that she had a poor hearer.

The next afternoon Dorothy appeared again at neighbor Johnson's.

"I *must* tell it this time. I've dreamed the very same thing over again last night—the very same thing."

Mrs. Johnson was at her knitting, and now quite willing to hear. Dorothy would fain have told the whole story the first time, but now she deemed it wise to withhold that part of it in regard to location.

"I dreamed of a certain unoccupied house," she resumed. "In a certain corner of the cellar was a wall, which might be found by digging down about five feet. There was a flat stone resting on the wall and covering a pot of gold. In the centre of the pot, on top of the gold, was a heavy gold ring. It seems so true, I imagine I see it now."

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Johnson, laughingly, and she adjusted her spectacles and commenced counting the stitches to see if she had "dropped" any.

"It's strange," resumed Dorothy, "but the glitter has been before my eyes ever since I first dreamed it—then, to dream the same thing twice over."

Dorothy Dingwood was serious, but Mrs. Johnson made light of it. Her fingers became more nimble and she put more vigor into her work. She plied the needles, and almost surpassed herself in rapidity, as if to dispel from her mind the story, in which she had little faith.

Mrs. Johnson finally succeeded in changing the subject; the conversation ran into another channel of thought, and after a brief chat, Dorothy left.

Next morning, while Mrs. and Mr. Johnson were at breakfast, Dorothy entered again, to recount the story of her dream. She related the same story heard the day before, precisely, and which she had attempted to tell the day previous to that. It was now a thrice-told story; she had dreamed the same dream for three nights in succession, and could not rest without investigating the matter.

Mr. Johnson jocosely offered his services for a small compensation, which Dorothy readily accepted in earnest.

"As I am in need of a little ready money now," said he, "show me the spot, and I'll dig down five feet for a dollar. A dollar ain't much, you know, when you expect to realize a fortune."

"I'll do it," said Dorothy.

But she would agree to do it only on certain conditions. He must be blindfolded, and she would lead him to the spot and take the handkerchief from his eyes in the cellar. His work done, he must be blindfolded again, and led from the cellar to his home; and this must be done under cover of darkness.

Mr. Johnson laughed.

"Now, Jerry, I'm in earnest," said Dorothy.

"So am I," said Mr. Johnson. "If I can earn a dollar, overtime, and help a widow to a fortune, I'll be doing the work of a good Samaritan!"

Dorothy, with the aid of her two daughters, was in what might be called comfortable circumstances in those days. So was the Johnson family. They had enough to eat, and suitable clothing for the times; but ready money was most needed. This induced Mr. Johnson to accept the proffered conditions, although he "laughed in his sleeve" at the fool he would be making of himself.

But, then, it would be done at night, and nobody but the parties concerned would know of it. The Dingwoods would be the last to tell, and he was sure the Johnsons would not be the first.

The next night found Dorothy on hand. Mr. Johnson allowed himself to be blindfolded in his own house and led out into the darkness.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, for about one mile, as he thought, and he found himself in a cellar when the handkerchief was removed.

"Right here," said Dorothy, pointing to a corner where a shovel and a spade were standing, which she had placed there during the day.

He drew off his coat and commenced, thinking that he would earn a dollar, and she would learn a lesson.

Three feet down, and the perspiration dripping. He rested awhile. At it again. Four feet and a half, and nothing yet to be seen but the bright drops that trickled from his brow. Another half foot, and an impediment was the result—his shovel struck a rock, as he thought.

"Enough!" cried Dorothy. "Come out!"

He did so. She seemed much excited, blindfolded him with a trembling hand, led him out of the cellar, and after stumbling through the darkness for some time again, the bandage was taken from his eyes and he was at home. Dorothy paid him and left.

He was very proud of his dollar, but ashamed of his work.

"You are paid for acting the fool, but she is not," said Mrs. Johnson, and they laughed heartily at the widow's weakness.

For a short time the secret was kept between the two families. Dorothy would not say whether her dream had been realized or not. She kept mum about it. The Johnsons thought she was ashamed, and acted wisely.

Presently a rumor was afloat that the widow Dingwood had purchased an estate, and was about to erect a costly mansion thereon. It could not be true. Where would *she* get the money? But, nevertheless, a costly mansion, for those days, was erected about two miles from the old Dingwood homestead. Dorothy offered her homestead for sale, and as it joined Mr. Johnson's property, he purchased it. She moved to her new quarters. It was now definitely ascertained to be hers. Where did the money come from? She lived in elegant style. The Johnsons did not know themselves, for they *were* the first to let the story of the dream leak out.

Now the people wondered, and Dorothy was often questioned as to how much money she found. But not a word from her on the subject, except, "There's the gold ring," exhibiting a heavy gold ring on the forefinger of her left hand, which she wore constantly after residing in her new home.

Dorothy Dingwood had plenty now. Her daughters married well, and they all lived happily. People might speculate as much as they pleased, but all they were sure of was that the Dingwoods prospered and—"There's the gold ring!" Nothing more.

Some time after Mr. Johnson undertook to dig a well in the cellar of the old Dingwood homestead, and, to his astonishment, came upon a wall of masonry encircling a space about one foot in diameter. The ground seemed soft from the surface to the wall, and it was ascertained to be five feet down.

This was the identical spot he had dug for the money—so near his own door! Dorothy had led him astray by saying it was a vacant house, and leading him by a circuitous route to her own dwelling.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

MRS. WASHINGTON IN HER WORKROOM.

The workroom of Mrs. Washington, at Mt. Vernon, was the apartment in which the first lady of Virginia, in Virginia's palmy days, used to spend her mornings at work, surrounded by busy servants. Every great house in Virginia had such a room in old times, and ladies plumed themselves upon excelling in the household arts practiced therein. This particular workroom at Mt. Vernon is described in old letters of the period, copied and given to the world some years ago, by the late Bishop Meade of Virginia.

It was a plain, good-sized apartment, arranged and furnished with a view to facilitating work. At one end there was a large table for cutting out clothes, as every garment worn by the servants had to be cut out and sewed, either by the ladies of the mansion-house, or under their superintendence. At that broad table sat a skillful, nice-looking colored woman, somewhat advanced in years, with a pair of shears in her hand, cutting, cutting, cutting, almost all day and everyday, the countless trousers, dresses, jackets and shirts needed by a family of perhaps a hundred persons. Everything worn by the General or herself, except their best outside garments, which were imported from London, were made in that room, under the eye of the lady of the house.

All the commoner fabrics, too, were home-made. On one side of the room sat a young colored woman, spinning yarn; on another, her mother, knitting; elsewhere, a woman doing some of the finer things; here, a woman winding; there, a little colored girl learning to sew. In the midst of all this industry sat Mrs. Washington, ready to solve difficulties as they arose, and prompt to set right any operation that might be going wrong. She was always knitting. From morning till dinner time—which was two o'clock—her knitting was seldom out of her hands. In this work-room, she usually received the ladies of her familiar acquaintance, when they called in the morning, but she never laid aside her knitting. The click of her needles was always heard in the pauses of conversation.

Her friends were surprised to see her, after her eight years' residence at the seat of government, instantly resume her former way of life. They found her as of old, in her work-room, with her servants about her, knitting and giving directions. She was, indeed, a signal example of the virtue of industry at a time when ladies of wealth and importance could scarcely avoid practising it. She used to speak of the time spent in levees and other ceremonial duties, as "my lost days."

This training of servants was formerly supposed to be part of the duty of all mistresses of great houses. Ladies did not then regard a house, with all its complicated business and apparatus, as a great clock, which, being wound up after breakfast, would run twenty-four hours without further attention.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constantly, steadily filling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our voices.

IT is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than to squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

IT is not from nature, but from education and habits, that our wants are chiefly derived.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Army of the Potomac meets in Philadelphia in June, and expect to have a good time.

THE Society of the Army of the Cumberland meets in Philadelphia July 6, at the Academy of Music.

THE Centennial branch post office to be established on the Exposition grounds will be opened on the 1st of March.

BRITISH mechanics and artisans are forming themselves into organizations with the object of visiting the Exposition in a body, and making a thorough and systematic study of what they shall see.

SIXTY-FOUR commanderies of the Knights Templar in the United States have already signified their intention to participate in the reunion of their order to be held in Philadelphia about the end of next May.

PETER WRIGHT & SONS have established a bureau for the reception, care and disposal of goods intended for the International Exhibition. Henry Lewis has been appointed manager of American exhibits, and F. J. Kimball manager of Foreign exhibits.

A MEERSCHAUM pipe about as small as a water-cooler will be displayed in the German Department. Shortly after Sir Walter Raleigh introduced into Europe his nicotine luxury, a German prince had this little kiln constructed with the charitable purpose of giving employment to needy artisans.

PLANS have been received from France for five buildings, which the French Commissioners desire to have erected on the Centennial grounds for a special illustration of the trades, art manufactures, government bureaus, etc., of that country.

A MODEL American Railway Ticket Office will be established on the Centennial grounds by the trunk lines; all the railway and transportation lines in America will be represented at the office, and tickets to all parts of the world will be sold there at special rates.

THE State building for New Jersey, now in process of erection, is situated on Belmont avenue, directly opposite the Main Exhibition Building, a most desirable situation. It will be the headquarters for all Jerseymen during the exhibition, and in it ample accommodations will be found for all the New Jersey visitors.

A VERY beautiful model will be exhibited at the great Exposition. It consists of a fac-simile of the old State House, both inside and out, is over five feet in height, to the top of the steeple, and nearly four feet in length. The material of which it is made contains gold, silver and copper, and required for its completion one year's labor. It is valued at ten thousand dollars.

AMONG the many buildings being erected on the Centennial grounds, one is being put up by Messrs. Gillinder & Sons, flint glass manufacturers, Philadelphia, for the manufacture of flint glass in all its branches. This structure, which is 90 by 100 feet, is situated near Elm avenue, at the foot of George's Hill. This branch of industry will, we doubt not, be very interesting to visitors to the Exhibition.

IT is proposed to issue, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, supplements of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, which shall contain reports and descriptions upon such subjects of interest in science and the mechanic arts as shall be exhibited at the approaching Centennial Exhibition, and may be offered for notice from time to time.

A DOUBLE-TRACK, narrow-gauge railway is being laid in the Exhibition grounds, for the purpose of transporting visitors from one building to the other. The track is nearly six miles in length, and runs close to all the principal buildings. The motive power will be steam, with a dummy-engine of improved pattern and cars of the most luxurious description. These cars will be operated by the West End Passenger Railway, and a fare of five cents charged for the trip.

THE total amount of money realized by the Centennial Commission for concessions to venders of refreshments, etc., on the Exhibition grounds, is $485,000. For the catalogue, $100,000 is paid; for restaurant and beer rights, $125,000; the venders of milk, bread, chocolate, pop-corn, and candy have paid $11,000 for their "whistles;" the soda-water people, $12,000, and the tobacco men $21,000 for theirs. A grant to a party undertaking to roll people about the grounds in wheeled chairs, and another to "the department of public comfort," together realize over $30,000.

A BRONZE statue of Witherspoon, a former President of Princeton College and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, has been completed in Philadelphia, and will be placed in Fairmount Park some time next summer. The statue, including an eight-inch base, is 13 feet high. The figure stands erect, the right arm slightly extended, and the left bent against the breast and holding a manuscript. The design of the drapery is to represent the subject both in his clerical and civilian character. The coat and waistcoat are of the Continental cut, and from the shoulders hangs the Geneva gown, loosely fastened at the throat by a cord and tassels. The features are strongly marked, and are expressive of great force of character.

WORK is being rapidly pushed on the annex to Memorial Hall, which will afford an exhibition space almost equal in extent to that of the hall itself, and upon the Photographic Gallery, which is entirely distinct from the building of the Centennial Photographic Association, the former being intended merely for visitors to have their pictures taken, while the latter will be devoted solely to the exhibition of works of the photographic art. The buildings of the shoe and leather and the wagon and carriage manufacturers are also well under way, and there are no fears that they and the rest of the buildings that are yet unfinished will not have assumed the handsome proportions and appearance of their plans before the verdure of the Centennial spring has reached the height of its beauty.

WITH the opening of the Exhibition a line of four-horse light omnibuses are to move from central points direct to the grounds. They will start from their respective stations every ten minutes during the day, and will go whether full or not. No more passengers will be taken than can be given seats, and when all the seats are occupied the omnibuses will fly a flag having the word "full," and until a seat or seats are vacant will not stop, save to leave off passengers. The fare will be ten cents, or three tickets for twenty-five cents, and these tickets will be on sale at various places throughout the city. The omnibuses will have seats on top, where smoking will be allowed. These outside seats will naturally be in great favor with strangers, for from them they can see the city as they pass through it, and it will be the aim of the line to take the most interesting routes.

A VERY handsome structure is being erected upon the Centennial Exhibition grounds by an association of dairymen residing in Philadelphia and the adjoining counties. It consists of an ornate building of unique design, after the Marie Antoinette style, and will be 50 feet wide and 100 feet in length. An acre of ground laid out with shrubbery, statues, and fountains, and with tables and chairs for the accommodation of visitors, will surround the building. Over 100 young ladies will be in attendance, dressed in the picturesque costume of Normandy dairymaids. Milk, cream, buttermilk, curds-and-whey, pastry, and berries will be dispensed by the attendants, and cows will be kept for the purpose of furnishing fresh milk for those who prefer it. The upper portion of the building will have a handsome covered balcony for promenading or sitting. The structure is situated in one of the most romantic and picturesque portions of the Exhibition grounds, upon the hill overlooking Lansdowne Ravine, which is spanned by a fine new bridge leading to Horticultural Hall. The milk dairy will be one of the most attractive buildings at the Exposition.

THE Women's Centennial Committee, over which Mrs. E. D. Gillespie so efficiently presides, have reason to be proud of the brilliant success of their recent entertainments given in Philadelphia on the evenings of February 22d and 23d. Not content with having raised funds for the construction and completion of the Women's Pavilion, the ladies of America, represented so nobly by the Women's Centennial Committee, have undertaken to pay the whole expense of the chorus to aid in the public ceremonies attending the International Exhibition, in addition to a building for the exhibition of Kindergarten and other Object Lessons. The entertainments to which we refer were entitled "Authors' Carnivals," and came off in the Academy of Music and Horticultural Hall. Each ward in the city selected some particular author, care being of course taken that no two chose the same one, and all the lady representatives of the respective wards appeared in the costumes of characters taken from the works of the authors. Our space here, of course, prevents our giving any details of these entertainments; all we can say is that they excelled in beauty, elegance and variety of costumes, and in every other respect, even the "Lady Washington Tea Parties and Receptions," which were such marked successes, and which aroused a domestic interest which seemed to have culminated in these "Authors' Carnivals."

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

ELLA.

BY LIZBETH C. SWAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

The day of the ball arrived, and dragged through its slow length.

"I don't think there ever was such a long day before. Do you?" said Jemima-Anne to Sophia-Matilda, when they had both tried on their yellow gauze dresses five times.

To Cinder-Ella, too, the day was a long one, although she was kept pretty busy doing this thing and that for her stepmother and sisters. For at the last moment, almost, the Baroness discovered that her turban did not quite become her, and Ella was called on to make an alteration in it. Sophia-Matilda's dress, too, was found to be wanting in numberless tapes, hooks and eyes, which Ella had to supply, and Jemima-Anne's hair absolutely would not keep in curl, and Ella had three separate times during the course of the afternoon to twist it up in curl-papers.

But these little matters, though they kept Ella well employed, naturally affected to a considerable extent the temper of the ladies, and our little heroine was heartily glad when at length the great gilded coach, with the Baroness and her daughters inside it, drove off from the castle door.

No sooner, however, had the clatter of wheels and the tramp of the horses' feet died away in the distance, than Ella sat down and began to cry as though her heart would break.

After all, though virtue is said to be its own reward, virtue, especially when it is young and eager, can't help sometimes longing after rewards of a more exciting nature.

As Ella now sat crying, her head on her hand, she was startled by another hand which was laid upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter?" asked a voice, which should have belonged to her respected papa, the Baron, but when she looked up she felt quite sure that it could not be he, so very gorgeous was the gentleman before her. Before she could speak, or had in the least recoverd from her astonishment, he said again:

"What are you crying about? Is it because you have not gone to the ball?"

Ella was almost ashamed to confess to so much weakness. But as it was the truth, she stammered out "Yes, papa," and then set to work crying again as hard as ever she could.

Presently she looked up, and saw the Baron still standing in front of her. Then she said, as well as she could for sobs:

"Are you going, too, papa? I thought you had a headache, and couldn't."

"My headache is better," returned the Baron, "and I am only waiting for you."

Ella started up.

"For me, papa!"

"Yes," said her father; "why don't you go and get ready?"

Ella thought that her father had certainly gone mad, especially when he went on to say:

"But I forgot. I have the key of the chest where your ball-dress is; come with me and I will unlock it."

Dumb with surprise, Ella followed her father through room after room of the castle, along corridors, and up and down staircases, until they came to a small attic in a turret, in the middle of which stood a great oak chest. This the Baron opened with a golden key which he carried in his pocket, and displayed to his little daughter's astonished gaze a most beautiful dress of satin and brocade, ornamented and sewn in with pearls and other precious stones.

"This," said the baron, "is for you to wear. It was worn by your mother, my dear child, and I have kept it for your first ball. These jewels," the Baron went on, lifting up a massive chatelaine of antique work and a coronet of diamonds—"these will suit the dress. They belonged to an ancestress of ours hundreds of years ago, and are not to be matched in the country. Now be quick and get ready."

Ella scarcely knew whether she was standing on her head or on her heels. She took up the beautiful dress, and handled it and admired it and tried it on, and found that it fitted her to perfection, for, in truth, she was the image of her mother, both in face and form. Then she ran down and showed herself to her father.

"Splendid," said the Baron, who had slipped off his velvet and lace coat to enjoy the luxury of a pipe; "we shall take a 'rise' out of madam after all," said he, meaning his wife. And then he chuckled. "I told her that I would not allow her and her girls to go to the ball unless you went, too. And yet she has chosen to disobey me. We shall see who will get the best of it yet."

The Baron was very brave now that his wife was well out of the way. He was an easy-going man, and had allowed himself to be considerably overridden by his lady-wife. But even worms will turn, it is said, under a certain pressure. And if worms, why not Barons?

The Baron was, on this occasion, as joyful as any boy let loose from school, and capered about quite like a juvenile goat. Ella also capered about in extreme self-satisfaction. But in so doing she suddenly caught sight of her feet.

"Oh, papa," she said, holding out one hob-nailed shoe, through which a toe was peeping, "look at this!"

The Baron obeyed, and, as he looked, his face fell.

"Haven't you got any shoes for me? I can't go in these," said Ella, mournfully.

Now this was just the point in the arrangement which the Baron had forgotten.

"Bless my heart!" he said, dismayed.

But this did not mend matters, nor the shoes either.

Father and daughter held a brief and painful debate. What was to be done?

Question put: Could a young lady go to the Prince's ball with her toes through her hob-nailed shoes?

Carried unanimously: the "Noes" have it.

Can anything be done in the matter?

The Baron painfully shakes his head, and takes long pulls at his pipe.

Ella shakes her head, too; and, amid bitter tears of disappointment and mortification, lays aside her beautiful garments, and puts on once more her old well-worn frock.

"You had better go without me, papa," she sobs.

"No, I won't," says the Baron, shortly.

In her distress Ella wanders out of the house into the garden. It is now evening, but the moon is shining so brightly that all the birds are as wide awake as they can be, and as soon as they see Ella they come flocking and fluttering about her as usual. When they see that she is crying they at once get into a terrible fuss, and want to know what is the cause of it.

Ella, delighted to have some outlet for her grief and disappointment, tells the whole story, and then sits down disconsolately, to nurse her sorrow, on a little mound, at the foot of a wide-spreading tree. The birds in the meantime all fly away from her—rather unkindly, Ella thinks. But, after a while, she is attracted by the sound of a great noise and commotion up in the trees above her head—a great flapping of wings and rustling of feathers.

"Whatever is the matter?" says Ella, quickly jumping up to see, and forgetting her own troubles in her anxiety for her friends.

As she does so, something hard, and yet something soft brushes her cheek and falls at her feet. She stoops to find it. What can it be? As she does so, there is a still greater rustling above her head than before, and something else, soft and glistening in the moonlight, falls gently down on the soft green turf beside her.

With a cry of astonishment and delight she picks up a pair of tiny slippers, made of softest down and feathers.

"What can this mean?" cries the girl.

"Try them on," whispers a little bird in her ear. "They are a present from your friends."

How Ella tried on the feather shoes; how they fit her to perfection; how she ran back again into the house like a young fawn; how quickly she dressed herself again in her beautiful apparel; how the Baron put his pipe out, and his velvet and lace coat on; how they laughed and chatted; how they admired one another, and how happy they were — need all this be told?

But something must be said of the grandeur and state of the ball to which they went. Princes are not entertained every day, as all the world knows, and it would not do to entertain them in an everyday manner.

But if it is stated that the room was crowded to suffocation; that it was brilliantly lighted; that the dresses were splendid, had there only been space enough to display them; that the floor was superb, had dancing only been possible; that the supper was magnificently unwholesome, and the supper-room so crowded with powdered lacqueys that no one else could get into it—then everybody who knows anything about such matters, will at once perceive that the ball was a tremendous success.

One happy result of the crush was, that as no one had the slightest chance of meeting the people he or she particularly wished to see, so no one need have feared being seen by any one else whom he or she particularly wished to avoid.

Consequently, when it was whispered all about the room that the Prince had fallen straight in love with a most beautiful and elegantly attired foreign princess, and would neither dance with nor speak to any other lady, everybody said, "Ill-mannered brute!" and stood on tiptoe to try and catch a glimpse of the happy beauty—the Baroness and her daughters among the rest.

But as everybody stood on tiptoe together, they didn't do themselves much good. And the Baroness and her daughters, being somewhat short of stature and short of sight, though they stood on tippest tiptoe all the time, went home without having the slightest idea that the belle of the evening, the observed of all observers, the chosen bride of the Prince, had been their own despised and badly used Ella!

Such, however, was actually the case.

The three ladies returned home in a very bad humor. First, because they were tired; secondly, because they had not either of them danced with the Prince, nor even so much as seen him; thirdly, because they hadn't danced half as much as they would have liked; fourthly—that was the Baroness chiefly—because they hadn't had any supper to speak of; and fifthly, because of everything in general.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GREAT MOTHER TO A GREAT SON.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him when he was only twelve:

"I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before his death, a gentleman said to him:

"I have found out who made you, Mr. Adams."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied:

"I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said:

" 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.' "

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

It was the anniversary of Washington's Birthday; the sun in unclouded splendor had risen above the range of snow-clad hills that towered far above the dark rolling waters of the river, where the United States Revenue Cutter Dolphin was riding quietly to her anchor buoy.

The gallant little craft was decked out in her finest, gayest attire, and from gilded trucks to water line fluttered bunting, signals and flags of all nations.

Through the open ports peeped the polished muzzles of the brass howitzers, while forward a long thirty pound Parrott was pivoted to port, in readiness to thunder forth the honors due to the National holiday.

The ship's company were at quarters, and the last tap of the drum had scarcely died away, when the first lieutenant reported the hour of noon to the commanding officer. The clear tones of the bell rang out on the wintry air, and at the word of command from the executive officer, a deep, heavy discharge followed that made the cutter tremble from trucks to keelson. Clouds of blue, sulphurous smoke enveloped the craft, as twenty-one reverberative reports echoed among the neighboring hills and rocks, and the broad folds of bunting aloft danced and trembled in response to the measured tones of the salute.

The sharp rat-a-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands secured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their snug quarters. But a few at the watch lounged about the deck, and as the last officer disappeared through the companion-way leading to the ward-room, the usual orderly stillness reigned throughout the vessel.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the officer's quarters were crowded with the invited guests. The cabin doors had been thrown back, thus transforming cabin and ward-room into one apartment, producing a pretty effect and marked improvement. It resembled more the interior of a lady's boudoir than an apartment devoted to the sole use and accommodation of seafaring people.

A thick Milton carpet of a delicate hue covered the floors, the monogram of the Lenice being prominently interwoven. A thick silken fabric of a dark-green hue was draped from highly polished mountings, and fell in heavy folds about the berths that were partially concealed by an inner curtain of lace. Dark, massive columns of rosewood ran from the ceiling to the deck, profusely ornamented with an intricate design wrought in gilt which contrasted with the delicate tints that had been used in finishing the interior of the quarters.

The long pier glasses, pretty paintings and numerous books scattered about, together with various musical instruments imparted an air of culture as well as comfort to the surroundings. The colors of the cutter were draped around the mahogany skylight, secured by large glittering stars composed of revolvers and sabre bayonets, producing a novel appearance, and tinging the whole with a martial and warlike appearance. The furniture was composed of walnut, upholstered with wine colored stuff, and the officers were justly proud of the Dolphin which, without exception, had the most luxurious and commodious accommodations of any vessel in the service.

The brilliant toilettes of the ladies contrasted finely with the round forms, while the conventional black swallow tail was not wanting, for the collector of the port, the contractor, a jolly ship builder, and other civilians were present. One *ponderous* representative in particular appeared to enjoy the whole scene as he leaned back in his chair, twirling his thumbs, and looking as wise as though deliberating upon the affairs of the nation in the council chambers of the State House.

Dinner was soon announced, and the well-trained servants supplied the wants of all. Wine and dessert had followed, and the Colonel, a tall, soldierly appearing gentleman had been called upon for a story, which with some hesitation he gave as follows:

My regiment was encamped on the bank of a large bayou in Louisana, and tempted by the abundance of game that frequented the dark, turbid waters of the lagoon, I resolved one morning to indulge in a little sport, and at the same time explore a portion of the surrounding country. These bayous are sometimes deep, wide and dotted with numerous islands, where water fowl, pelicans, wild geese, and in fact birds of all kinds congregate. Alligators, fish, reptiles and insects also find a safe and secure retreat amid thousand hiding places that have been abundantly provided by nature.

I had a little skiff which my orderly had found somewhere, and armed with a double-barrel gun, including plenty of ammunition, I floated down the main bayou until I was fully five miles from the nearest vidette. I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was pouring down upon me with a heat anything but comfortable, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the islet. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the prow of my skiff struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots. To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my skiff. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayou, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light shell spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full peril of my situation, and was disposed to treat the whole affair as a joke; but this feeling soon wore away as the terrible heat increased, to which I was fully exposed. There was neither a tree nor bush beneath whose shade I could escape from the fearful rays of the sun and the reflections from the glassy waters of the lagoon. I knew my absence from camp would excite no comment—certainly not before night—as my hunting proclivities were well known to the officers of the regiment, and as the hours passed wearily by, my chances for spending the night in the midst of the lagoon visibly increased.

My appetite had vanished, and the game-bag, filled to repletion, lay neglected and unnoticed at my feet. I took the most philosophical view of my predicament, walked up and down the narrow limits of my prison, waiting patiently for aid to arrive, but as to making myself comfortable, that was out of the question.

As night came on, the relief I experienced from the vertical rays of the sun was almost indescribable; but other incidents of a more appalling nature took up my attention.

A strange snorting, like the blowing and wheezing of a large pair of bellows, caused me to turn towards the bayou, where a number of dark objects were crawling out on the muddy, slimy banks of the islet. It was not so dark but what I could make them out—they were alligators.

There seemed to be no end of them, and they were formidable-looking monsters, I can tell you. They surrounded me on all sides, as they swarmed over the surface of the island, and their dull, leaden eyes now seemed to glare maliciously upon me.

Snatching up my gun, I discharged both barrels into their midst, and the reptiles crawled hurriedly off, plunging their hideous bodies beneath the placid surface of the water.

As night, with increasing gloominess, hemmed me in, strange sounds fell upon my ear, the screech of the night-owl, the croak of huge water-toads, the chirp of the savanna cricket, and the constant splashing and snorting of the alligators filled the calm, still evening air.

Overcome by fatigue and weariness, my eyes closed, and in another moment I should have slumbered, despite the horrible surroundings, but the harsh notes of the alligators aroused me, and jumping to my feet, I shuddered with horror. The reptiles had advanced so near that I could have touched them with my hand. The strong musky odor thrown out by their bodies filled the air and half-stifled me with its strength. They had also grown bolder, retreating slowly before me as I advanced. One, more determined than the others, refused to move. He was one of the largest, and his huge body was bent in the shape of a bow.

He was about to make an attack upon me, the glimmering light of the stars being barely sufficient to reveal the dangerous fact. I jumped aside to avoid the powerful stroke, his tail sweeping the ground with fearful violence.

Again I resorted to my gun, and for the time was left in undisputed possession of the mud-bank. The report of my fowling-piece echoed through the lagoon, bringing back numerous cries from the feathered denizens of the swamp, and bending eagerly forward, I saw a dark indistinct object advancing up the bayou. I peered through the gloom, listening intently, and finally made out the dip of paddles, as they were cautiously thrust into the water

Help from camp had arrived at last, I thought, but how the boat had got below me without attracting my attention, was a fact I could not account for. But I did not stop to ponder on the strangeness of it; I was only too glad to escape from the isolated prison, regardless of the direction the relief might come from.

The boat was a large one. Moving cautiously forward, and advancing to the water's edge, I hailed.

"Who calls," demanded a deep, heavy voice. I hesitated before replying, as the voice was a strange one, and I was in an enemy's country. But it was too late to retreat now.

A hurried consultation was held in the boat, the paddles dipped with a simultaneous stroke, and shooting forward the boat grounded on the mud-bank. The glare of a lantern fell upon me, and a shout of hoarse joy and astonishment burst from the motley crowd as they recognized my uniform. As for myself, I did not utter a word; the men surrounding me on all sides were a band of guerillas.

"Hallo, Cap! what is ye doing yere?" demanded one of the desperadoes as they closed in upon me.

"I am waiting for a chance to get off of this island," I replied.

"Are ye alone?"

"Yes."

"And whar mought be your command? No triflin', stranger, or we'll lift yer har without ceremony," and the blade of a bowie knife flashed before my eyes.

"Fortunately for you they are five miles away," I replied, with a feeling of desperation. I was well acquainted with the blood-thirsty character of the bushwackers, and had made up my mind that I should never leave the island alive.

"We're out on a scout, do ye hear, stranger?"

"I hear."

"And we want the password. Out with it, or I'll tickle yer ribs with this yere."

And again the point of the knife was drawn down on a level with my heart.

I closed my eyes for an instant, commended my soul to God, and, preserved a dead silence. "Wake up, cap, or ye mought take a longer sleep than would be healthy for ye. Give us this yer password."

"You will never get it from me!" was the answer I gave him.

"Then die!" And the strong arm was raised on high, brandishing the heavy bowie preparatory to dealing me the *coup de grace*. But the blade of that knife was destined never to touch me. Before it could descend, one of the guerillas sprang forward, intercepted the blow, whispered a few words in my would-be murderer's ear, who roared with laughter as he replied:

"Jake, ye is a screecher, and thar's a heap in yer head arter all. Here, one of ye. Shove one of them paddles into the mud, waist deep."

The order of the ruffian was complied with, and I could not imagine what was coming or what fate they had reserved for me, but I was not kept long in a state of suspense. Two stout oars were thrust deep into the muddy bed of the bayou, and I was compelled to wade out to them. The water was up to my breast, and with stout leather thongs they proceeded to lash me to the immovable pieces of ash. A gag was thrust into my mouth, and amid the brutal jests of the cowardly gang, I was left to my fate. They intended that I should fall a prey to the alligators who would soon scent me out.

The guerillas launched their boat and shoved off from the shore, and floated slowly by me, resting on their oars for a moment to indulge in a final laugh at my expense.

The rays of the lantern fell upon their wild, savage faces, rough attire, and shining accoutrements, which, with the dark cypress swamp in their rear throwing out strange, weird shadows, formed a subject not unworthy of the horrors portrayed in Dante's Inferno.

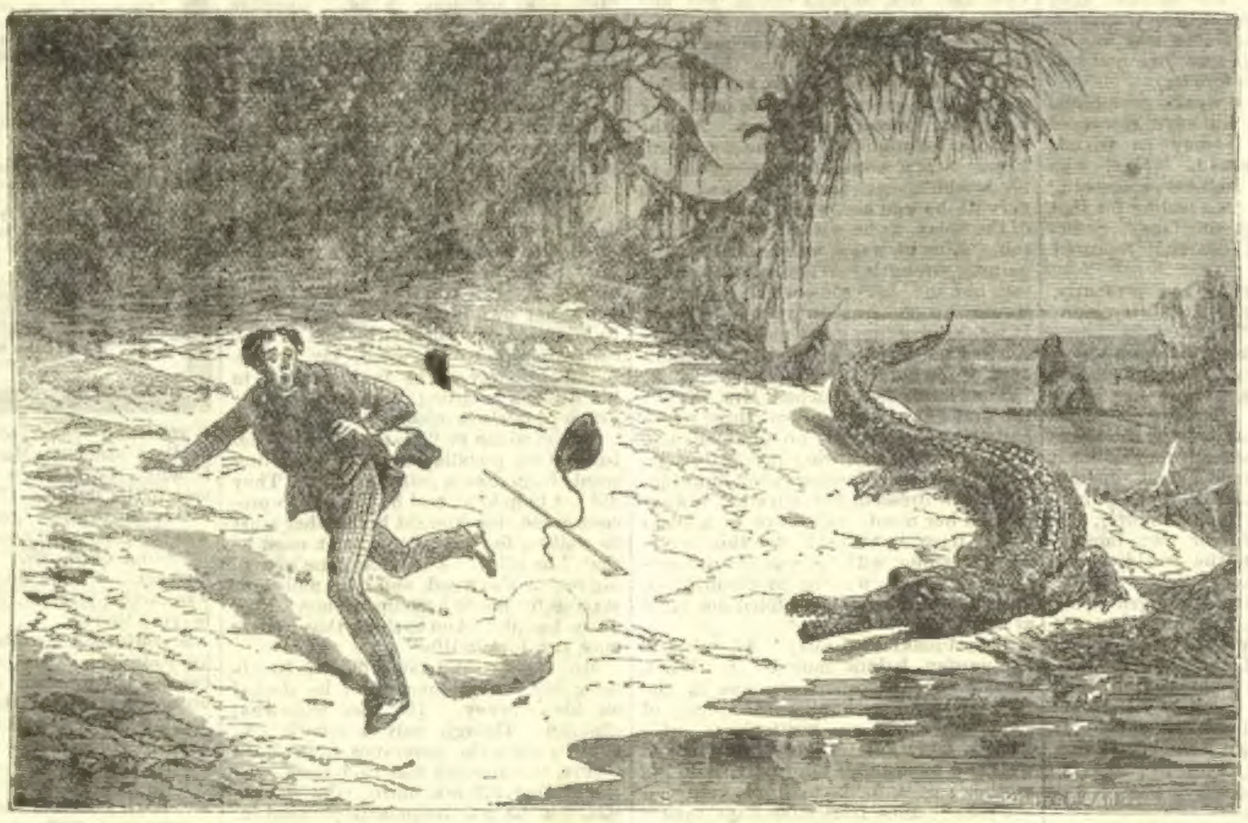
The lantern suddenly disappeared. I was surrounded by a thick veil of impenetrable darkness, and I heard the splashing of water as the boat pulled slowly and cautiously up the bayou.

As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I peered about me, expecting every instant to be seized in the monstrous jaws of some alligator, and I watched with terrible earnestness every tremulous, wavering shadow that crept over the bosom of the lagoon.

Suddenly a volley of musketry rang out on the night, followed by cries of pain and agony, and a few straggling shots. A loud hurrah, and another fusilade of musketry made my heart leap wildly within me. I had recognized the peculiar shout of my own brave boys. They had met the guerillas and probably had captured the entire party. At the same moment a cold, hard substance, rubbed and grated against my body. I could command my feelings no longer, overcome with horror I tried to shout for help but the gag prevented my voice from being heard. I struck out with my legs lashing the water into a foam, and that was the last I remembered until with returning consciousness I found myself stretched on my own bedstead beneath the shelter of my tent, with the regimental surgeon bending over me.

I had been rescued by a squad of my boys, who had been detailed to search for me by the lieutenant colonel, he having become alarmed at my prolonged absence. They had come unexpectedly upon the guerillas, who, however, soon surrendered to superior numbers, and one of the number voluntarily disclosed the dangerous position in which I had been left.

A drumhead court martial was convened during the day, and all save *one* were condemned to death. As I was composing myself to sleep, after taking a quieting draught prescribed by the surgeon, and just as the sun was bidding adieu to the hot, steaming earth, a sharp crack of musketry pealed through the air. It was the firing party detailed to carry out the sentence of the court martial on the surviving guerillas. It is needless, ladies and gentlemen, to add that I never indulged in another expedition while on duty in Louisiana.



I JUMPED ASIDE TO AVOID THE POWERFUL STROKE, HIS TAIL SWEEPING THE GROUND WITH FEARFUL VIOLENCE.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

As the bee is to the rose,
While the honey treasure flows,
Singing gentle songs of love
To each blossom in the grove,
Pausing only in his flight
Where the sweets of light are bright,
All unwilling to depart
Till he reached the very heart,
And when all the luscious store
Is exhausted sings no more—
As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows,
Are summer friends.

As the shadow to the boat,
On a changeful lake afloat,
When the lake is in repose,
Like another boat it shows,
And all fortune elevates,
O'er the surface inflates,
But a ripple on its breast,
Shadows tremble with unrest,
And when tempests gather round,
Can no longer there be found—
As the shadow to the boat,
On the changeful lake afloat,
Are summer friends.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Hardly had the door closed upon Lucy when the colonel, without preface of any kind, but with a degree of sternness, asked:

"Is it true that there is an attachment between you and my daughter? Is it true, sir, that you have been making love to her?"

For a short while Karl was silent. The colonel saw his embarrassment. It was only the momentary embarrassment of surprise, and perhaps of vexation: but Karl, guileless and strictly honorable, never thought of not meeting the matter with perfect truth.

"That there does exist affection between me and your daughter, sir, I cannot deny. At least, I can answer for myself that the truest and tenderest love man is, or, as I believe, can be capable of, I feel for her. As to making love to her, I have not done it consciously. But—we have been a great deal together; and I fear Miss Cleeve must have read my heart, as—as—"

"As what, Mr. Wynne?" was the stern question.

"As I have read hers, I was going to presume to say," replied Karl, his voice and eyes alike drooping.

Colonel Cleeve felt confounded. He would have called this the very height of impudence, but that the young man standing before him was so indisputably refined, so modest, and spoke as though he were grieved to the heart.

"And, pray, what could you have promised yourself by thus presuming to love my daughter?"

"I promised myself nothing. On my word of honor as a gentleman, sir, I have not been holding out any kind of hopes or promises to myself. I believe," added the young man with the open candor so characteristic of him, "that I have been too happy in the present, in Miss Cleeve's daily society—for hardly a day passed that we did not see each other—to cast so much as a thought to the future."

"Well, sir, what excuse have you to make for this behavior? Do you see its folly?"

"I see it now. I see it for the first time, Colonel Cleeve. For—I—suppose—you will not let me aspire to win her?"

The words were given with slow deprecation; as if he hardly dared to speak them.

"What do you think, yourself, about it?" sharply asked the Colonel. "Do you consider yourself a suitable match for Miss Cleeve, in any way? In any way, Mr. Wynne?"

"I am afraid not, sir."

"You are *afraid* not! Good heavens! Your family—pardon me for alluding to it, Mr. Wynne; but there are moments in a lifetime, and this is one, when plain-speaking becomes a necessity. Your family have but risen from the ranks, sir, as we soldiers say, and not much above the ranks either. Miss Cleeve is Miss Cleeve: my daughter, and a peer's grand-daughter."

"It is all true, sir."

"So much for that unsuitability. And then we come to means. What are yours, Mr. Wynne?"

The young man lifted his head and his honest grey eyes to the half-affrighted but generally calm face. He could but tell the truth at all times without equivocation.

"I fear you will consider my means even more ineligible than my family," he said. "I have my pay and two hundred pounds a year. At my mother's death another two hundred a year will come to me."

Colonel Cleeve drew down his lips. "And that is all—in the present and in the future?"

"All I can reckon upon with any certainty. When my brother shall succeed Sir Joseph Wynne, he may do something more for me. My father suggested it in his last testamentary paper; and I think he will do it; I believe he will. But of this I cannot be certain; and in any case it may not be much."

Colonel Cleeve paused a moment. He wished the young man would not be so straightforwardly candid, so transparently single-minded, putting himself, as it were, in all honor in his hands. It left the Colonel—the mildest man in the world by nature—less loophole to get into a proper passion. In the midst of it all, he could not help liking the young fellow.

"Mr. Wynne, every word you say only makes the case worse. Two barriers, each in itself insurmountable, lie, by your own showing, between you and my daughter. The bare idea of making her your wife is an insult to her; were it carried into a fact—I condemn myself to speak of so impossible a thing unwillingly—it would blight her life and happiness forever.

Karl's pale face grew as red as his coat. "These are harsh words, Colonel Cleeve."

"They are true ones, sir; and justifiable. Lucy has been reared in the notions befitting her rank. She has been taught to expect that when she marries her home will be at least as well-appointed as the one she is taken from. My son is a great expense to me, and my means are limited as compared with my position—I am plain with you, you see, Mr. Wynne; you have been so with me—but still we live as our compeers live, and have things suitable about us. But—what could *you* offer Lucy?—allowing that in point of family you were entitled to mate with her. Why, a

lodging in a barracks, a necessity to tramp with you after the regiment at home and abroad."

Karl stood silent, the pain of mortification on his closed lips. Colonel Cleeve put the case rather extremely; but it was near the truth, after all.

"And you would wish to bring this disgrace, this poverty, this blight on Lucy! If you—"

"No, sir, I would not," was the impulsive interruption. "What do you take me for? Lucy's happiness is a great deal dearer to me than my own."

"If you have one spark of honor, Mr. Wynne—and until now I believed you had your full share of it—if you do care in ever so small a degree for my daughter's comfort and her true welfare; in short, if you are a man and a gentleman, you will aid me in striving to undo the harm that has been done."

"I will strive to do what is best to be done," replied Karl, knowing the fiat that must come, and feeling that his heart was breaking.

"Very well. Our acquaintance with you must close from this hour; and I must ask you to give me your word of honor never to attempt to hold future communication with my daughter in any way; never to meet her in society even, if it be possible for you to stay away and avoid it. In future you and Miss Cleeve are strangers."

There was a dead silence. Karl seemed to be looking at vacancy over the Colonel's head.

"You do not speak, Mr. Wynne."

He roused himself with a sort of a shudder.

"I believe I was lost in glancing at the blighted life *mine* will be, Colonel Cleeve."

And the Colonel, in spite of his self-interest, felt a kind of pity for the feelings that he saw were stung to the quick.

"Do you refuse to comply with my mandate?"

"No, sir. Putting the affair before me in the light you have put it, no alternative is left me. I see, too, that, circumstanced as I am—and as she is—my dream of love has been nothing but madness. On my word of honor, Colonel Cleeve, could I have looked at the matter at first as I look at it now, and foreseen that we were destined to—to care for each other, I would have flown Miss Cleeve's presence."

"These regrets often come late in the day, Mr. Wynne," was the rather sarcastic answer. "Then I may rely on your honor?"

"You may indeed, sir. But that I see how right and reasonable your fiat is; how essential for Lucy's sake, I could hardly have complied with it; for to part with her will be rending myself from every joy of life. I give you my sacred word of honor that I will not henceforth attempt to hold communication of any kind with her. I will not meet her if I can avoid it. That I should live to say this calmly!" added Karl to himself.

"I expected no less from you, Mr. Wynne," spoke the colonel, stiffly but courteously. "I am bound to say that you have met this lamentable affair in a proper spirit. I see I may rely upon you."

"You may rely upon me as you would rely upon yourself," said the young officer earnestly. "Should the time ever come that my fortunes ascend—it seems next door to an impossibility now, but such things have been heard of—and Lucy be still free—"

"That could make no alteration—want of fortune is not the only bar," haughtily interrupted Colonel Cleeve. "The present is enough for us, Mr. Wynne; let us leave the future."

"True. The present is greatly enough; and I beg your pardon, Colonel Cleeve. I will keep my word both in the spirit and the letter. And now I would make one request to you, sir—that you will allow me to see Lucy for an instant before we finally part."

"That you may gain some foolish promise from her—of waiting, or something of that kind!" was the angry rejoinder.

"I told you that you might rely upon me," replied Karl with sad emphasis. "Colonel Cleeve, don't you see what a bitter blow this is to me?" he burst out, with an emotion he had not betrayed throughout the interview. "It may be bitter to Lucy also. Let us say a word of good-bye to each other for the last time."

Colonel Cleeve hardly knew what to be at. He did not like to say No; he did not like to say Yes. That it was bitter to one, he saw; that it might be bitter to the other, he quite believed; and he had a soft place in his heart.

"I will trust you in this as I trust you in the other, Mr. Wynne. It must be good-bye only, you understand, and a brief one."

He quitted the room, and sent Lucy in. Almost better for them both that he had not done so—for these partings are nearly as bad as death. To them both this severing asunder for all time seemed worth than death. Lucy, looking quiet and simple in her colored muslin, stood shivering.

"I could not depart without begging you to forgive me, Lucy," he said, his tone less firm than usual with emotion and pain. "I ought to have exercised more thought, to have foreseen what must be the inevitable ending. Colonel Cleeve has my promise that I will never again seek you in any way; that from henceforth we shall be as strangers. Oh my darling!—I may surely call you so in this last hour!—this is painful I fear to you as to me."

She went quite close to him, her eyes cast up to his with a piteous mourning in their depths; eyes too sad for tears.

"They have told me the same, Karl. There is no hope at all for us. But I—I wish in my turn to say something to you, Karl"—and her voice sank to a whisper, and she put out her hand as if inviting him to take it—"I shall never forget you; I shall never care for you less than I do now."

He did not take her hand. He took her. Almost beside himself with the bitter pain, Karl Wynne so far forgot himself as to clasp this young girl to his heart; as to rain down on her face sweet and sad kisses from his lips. Lucy was never quite sure, then or in after life, that she did not, by one, return them. But he remembered his promise to Colonel Cleeve, and said never a word of hope for the future.

"Forgive me, Lucy; this and all. Perhaps Colonel Cleeve would hardly grudge it to us when it is to be our last meeting on earth."

"In the years to come," she sobbed, her face lying contentedly under his wet tears, "when we shall be an old man and woman, they may let us meet again. Oh, Karl, yes! and we can talk together of that best world, Heaven, where there will be no separation. We shall be drawing near its gates then looking out for it."

A slight tap at the door, and Miss Blake entered. She had come to summon Lucy. Seeing what she did see—the tears, the emotion, the intertwined hands, Miss Blake looked—looked very grim and stately.

"Lucy, Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve have sent me to request you to go to them."

"God bless you, Lucy," he whispered. "God bless you, my best and dearest. Good-bye, forever."

With what seemed a cool bow to Miss Blake, and never a word, for in truth he was unequal to speaking it, Lieutenant Wynne passed into the hall, caught up his hat that he had left there, and let himself out. Lucy had her hands to her face, hiding it. Miss Blake waited.

"My dear Lucy, what am I to say?"

"Tell them that I wish to stay here alone for a few minutes. Tell them that Mr. Wynne is gone."

Miss Blake, her hard, thin lips compressed with the cruellest pain woman can ever feel, took her way back again. Only herself knew or ever would know, what this dreadful blow was to her—the finding that she had been mistaken in Karl Wynne's love. For anguish such as this, women have lost life. One small drop taken from the bitterness was to know that he and his true love had bidden each other adieu forever.

"Perhaps, in a few weeks or months to come, when he shall have recovered his folly—he and I may be friends again," she murmured, "Nay, who knows—may even become something warmer and dearer. His feeling for that child can only be a passing fancy. Something warmer and dearer," repeated Miss Blake.

"Lucy will come to you presently, Mrs. Cleeve. There's no hurry now, Mr. Wynne is gone."

"What is Lucy doing, Theresa?"

"Sobbing silently, I think. She scarcely spoke to me. Fancy her being so foolish!"

Mrs. Cleeve went at once to the library. She and her husband were as much alike as possible—mild, good, unemotional people who hated to inflict pain—with a great love for their daughter, and a very great sense of their own importance and position in the world, as regarded pride of birth.

"Oh, Lucy dear, it was obliged to be. You are reasonable, and must know it was. But from my very heart I am sorry for you, and I shall always take blame to myself for not having been more cautious than to allow you to become intimate with Mr. Wynne. It seems to me as though I had been living with a veil before my eyes."

"It is over now; let it pass," was Lucy's faint answer.

"Yes, dear, it is over. All over for good. By this time twelve-month, Lucy, I hope you will be happily married, and forget this painful episode in your life. Not, my child, that we shall like to part with you, only—it will be for your own welfare and happiness."

Lucy pressed her slender white fingers upon her brow and looked at her mother. There was a puzzled, doubting expression in her eyes that spoke of bewilderment.

"Mamma," she said, slowly; "I think perhaps I did not understand you. I have parted with Mr. Wynne, as you and papa wished, and as—as I suppose it was right I should do; I shall never, I hope, do anything against your will. But to try to make me marry will be quite a different thing. Were you and papa to tell me that you insisted on it, I could only resist; and I should resist to the end."

Mrs. Cleeve saw that she had not been wise. To allude to this when Lucy was smarting under the immediate pain of separation, was a mistake. Sighing gently, she sat down and took her daughter's hand, stroking it fondly.

"Lucy, my dear, I will relate to you a little matter of my own early experience," she began, in a hushed tone. "I once had one of the affairs of the heart, as they are called. The young man was just as attractive as Mr. Wynne, and quite worthy. But circumstances were unfavorable, and we had to part. I thought that all worth living for in life was over. I said that I should never care for anyone else, and never marry. Not so very long afterwards, Captain Cleeve presented himself. Before he said a word to me, Lucy—before I knew what he was thinking of, I had learned to like and esteem him, and I became his wife."

"And did you love him?" questioned Lucy, in great surprise.

"Oh, dear, no! Not with the kind of love I had felt for another—the kind of love that I presume you are feeling for Mr. Wynne. Such love never comes back to the heart a second time. But, Lucy, my married life has been perfectly successful and happy. Once that great passion is over, you see, the heart is at rest—calmness and reason have supervened. Rely upon it, my dear, your married life will be all the happier for this little experience connected with Mr. Wynne."

Lucy said no more. *She* knew. And Mrs. Cleeve thought how dutiful her daughter was.

On the following day, a letter came to the Colonel from Karl. A well-written and sensible letter—not of rebellion, but of acquiescence. While it deplored his fate in separating from Lucy, it bowed to the necessity that enforced it. A note was enclosed for Lucy. It was unsealed, in case the Colonel should wish to read before giving it to her. The Colonel did so; he did not fear treason from Karl, but it was as well to be on the safe side and assure himself there was none. It contained only a few words—rather more coherent than Karl's emotion of the previous day had allowed him to speak; and it bade her adieu forever. Colonel Cleeve sent both notes to his daughter, and then lost himself in a reverie, from which he was aroused by the entrance of his wife.

"Lucinda, that is really a most superior young man—high principled, true-hearted. A pity but he had rank and money."

"Who is a superior young man?" asked Mrs. Cleeve, not having the clue.

"Lieutenant Wynne."

CHAPTER III.

DONE AT SUNSET.

The warm June sun rode gaily in the bright blue skies, and the sweet June roses were in bloom. Mrs. Wynne, entirely unconscious of the blight that had fallen on her younger son, was placidly making the home-happiness, as she believed, of the elder. Had she known of Karl's sorrow, she would have given to it but a passing thought.

There was peace in the home again. The vexation regarding their young lady neighbor had subsided in Mrs. Wynne's mind. She had spoken seriously and sharply to Adam upon the point—which was an entirely new element in his experience—telling him how absurd and unsuitable it was that he, one of England's future baronets and three-and-thirty years of age already, should waste his hours in frivolous talk with a girl beneath him. Adam heard her in silence, smiling a little, and quite docile. He rejoined in a joking tone:

"All this means, I suppose, mother, that you would not tolerate Miss Turner as my wife?"

"Never, Adam, never. You would have to choose between myself and her. And I have been a loving mother to you."

"All right. Don't worry yourself; there's no cause for it."

From this time—it was in April, at the close of Karl's short visit to them—the trouble ceased. Adam Wynne either did not meet the girl so much, or else he timed his interviews more cautiously. In May, Miss Turner went away on a visit, and Mrs. Wynne forgot that she had ever been anxious.

Never a word of invitation had come from Sir Joseph. During this same month—May—Mrs. Wynne, her patience worn out, wrote to Foxwood, proffering a visit for herself and Adam. At the end of a fortnight's time, she got an answer. A few words of shaky writing, in Sir Joseph's own hand. He had been very ill, he told her, which was the cause of the delay, as he wished to reply himself. Now he was somewhat better, and gaining strength. When able to entertain her and her son—which he hoped would be soon—he should write for them. It would give him great pleasure to receive them, and to make the acquaintance of his heir.

That letter had reached Mrs. Wynne the first day of June. Some three weeks had elapsed since, and no summons had come. She was growing just a little impatient again. Morning after morning, while she dressed, the question always crossed her mind: will there be a letter to-day from Foxwood? On this lovely June morning, with the scent of the midsummer flowers wafting in through the open chamber window, it filled her mind as usual.

They breakfasted early. Adam's active garden habits induced it. When Mrs. Wynne descended, he was in the breakfast-room, scanning the pages of some new work on horticulture. He wore a tasty suit of grey, and looked well and handsome: unusually so in his mother's eyes, for he had only returned the past evening from a few days' roving absence.

"Good morning, Adam."

He then advanced to kiss his mother, his white teeth and grey eyes as beautiful as they well could be. Mrs. Wynne's fond and admiring heart leaped up with a bound.

"The nonsense people write whose knowledge is superficial!" he said, with a gay laugh. "I have detected half a dozen errors in this book already."

"No doubt. What a nice morning it is."

"Lovely. It is Midsummer Eve. I have been out at work these two hours."

"Adam, I think that must be the postman's step," she observed. "Some one is going round to the door."

"From Karl, perhaps," he said with indifference, for he had plunged into his book again.

Hewitt came in: one letter only on the silver waiter. He presented it to his master. Adam, absorbed in his pages, took the letter and laid it on the table without looking up. Something very like a cry from his mother startled him. She had caught up the letter and was gazing at the address. For it was one that had never before been seen there.

"Sir Adam Wynne Bart."

"Oh, my son! It has come at last."

"*What* has come?" cried he, in surprise. "Oh, I see—Sir Joseph must be dead. Poor old fellow! What a sad thing!"

But it was not exactly Sir Joseph's death that Mrs. Wynne had been thinking of. The letter ran as follows:

"FOXWOOD, June 22d.

"DEAR SIR—I am truly sorry to have to inform you of the death of my old friend and many years' patient, Sir Joseph Wynne. He had been getting better slowly, but we thought surely; and his death at the last was sudden and quite unexpected. I have taken upon myself to give a few necessary orders in anticipation of your arrival here.

"I am, Sir Adam, very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM MOORE."

SIR ADAM WYNNE.

The breakfast went on nearly in silence. Mrs. Wynne was deep in thoughts and plans. Sir Adam, poring over his book while he ate did not seem to be at all impressed with the importance of having gained a handle to his name.

"When shall you start, Adam?"

"Start?" he returned, glancing up. "For Foxwood?" Oh, in a day or two."

"*In a day or two!*" repeated his mother, with surprised emphasis. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Just that, mother."

"You should be off in half an hour. You must, Adam."

"Not I. There's no need of hurry," he added, with careless good humor.

"But there is need of it," she answered.

"Why? Had Sir Joseph been dying and wished to see me, I'd not have lost a single moment; but it is nothing of the kind, poor man. He is dead, unfortunately: and therefore no cause for haste exists."

"Some one ought to be there."

"Not at all. The Mr. Moore who writes—some good old village doctor, I conclude—will see to things."

"But why should you not go at once, Adam?" she persisted. "What is preventing you?"

"Nothing prevents me. Except that I hate to be hurried off anywhere. And I—I only came back to the garden yesterday."

"The garden!—that's what it is," resentfully thought Mrs. Wynne.

"Adam, if you do not go, I shall."

"Do, mother," he said, readily. "Go, if you like, and take Hewitt. I hate details of all kinds, you know; and if you will go and take them on yourself, I shall be truly obliged. Write me word which day the funeral is fixed for, and I will come for it."

Perhaps in all her life Mrs. Wynne had never resented anything in her favorite son as she was resenting this. *She* had looked forward to this accession of fortune with an eager anxiety which none could suspect: and now that it was come, he was treating it with this indifference! Many a time and oft had she indulged a vision of the day when she should drive in to take possession of Foxwood, her handsome son, the inheritor, seated beside her.

"One of my sons ought to be there," she said, coldly. "If you will not go, Adam, I shall telegraph to Karl."

"I will telegraph for you," he replied, with provoking good-humor. "Karl will be the very fellow; he has ten times the head for business that I have. Let him act for me in all things exactly as though it were he who had succeeded: I give him carte blanche. It will save all trouble to you."

Sir Adam Wynne declined to be shaken out of his resolve and his inertness. In what might be called a temper, Mrs. Wynne departed straight from the breakfast table to the railway station to take the train. Her son duly accompanied her to see her safely away; she had refused to take Hewitt, and then he dispatched a telegram to Karl, telling him to join his mother at Foxwood. Meantime, while these, the lady and the message, went speeding on their respective ways, the new baronet beguiled away the day's passing hours amidst his flowers, and shot a few small birds that were interfering with some choice seedling just springing up.

Lieutenant Wynne received the message promptly. But, following the fashion much in vogue amidst telegraphic messages, it was not quite as clear as daylight. Karl read that Sir Joseph was dead, that his mother was either going or gone to Foxwood; that she was waiting for him, and he was to join her without delay. But whether he was to join her at her own home and accompany her to Foxwood, or whether he was to proceed directly to Foxwood, lay in profound obscurity. The fault was not in Sir Adam's wording; but in the telegraph people's carelessness.

"Now which is it I am to do?" debated Karl, puzzling over the sprawling words from divers points of view. They did not help him; and he decided to proceed home; he thought his mother must be waiting for him there. "It must be that," he said: "Adam has gone hastening on to Foxwood, and the mother is staying for me to accompany her. Poor uncle Joseph! And to think that I never once saw him in life!"

Mr. Wynne had no difficulty in obtaing leave of absence: and he started on his journey. He was somewhat changed. Though only a month had gone by since the severance from Lucy Cleeve, the anguish had told upon him. His brother officers, noting the sad abstraction he was frequently plunged in, the ultra-strict fulfillment of his duties, as if life were made up of parades and drill and all the rest of it, told him in joke that he was going into a bad way. They knew nought of what had happened: of the fresh spring love that had made his heart and this earth alike a paradise, or of its abrupt ending. "My poor horse has had to be shot, you know"—which was a fact—"and I can't forget him," Mr. Wynne one day replied, reciprocating the joke.

The shades of midsummer night were gathering as Karl neared the house of his mother. He walked up from the terminus, choosing the field path, and leaving his portmanteau to be sent after him. The glowing fires of the departed sun had left the west, but streaks of gold where he had set, illumined the heavens. The air was still and soft, the night balmy. Some stars flickered in the calm blue firmament; the moon was well above the horizon. This pathway over the fields ran parallel with the high road. As Mr. Wynne paced it, his umbrella in his hand, there suddenly broke upon his ears a kind of uproar, marring strangely the peaceful stillness of the night. Some stirring commotion, as of a mass of people, seemed to be approaching.

"What is it, I wonder?" he said, to himself; and for a moment or two he halted and stared over the border of the field and the intervening hedge beyond. By what his sight could make out, he thought some policemen were in front, walking with measured tread, and a confused mob behind, following close on their heels, but it was too uncertain a light to show this distinctly.

"Some poor prisoner they are bringing in from the country," thought Mr. Wynne, as the commotion passed on towards the town, and he continued his way.

"This is a true midsummer eve night," he said to himself, when the hum of the noise and the tramping had died away, and he glanced at the weird shadows that stood out from hedges and trees. "Just the night for ghosts to come abroad, and—— Stay, though, it is not on midsummer eve that ghosts come, I think. What is the popular superstition for the night? Young girls go out and see the shadowy forms of their future husbands? Is that it? I don't remember. What matter if I did? Such romance has died out for me."

He drew near his home. On the left lay the cottage of Mr. Turner. Its inmates seemed to be unusually astir within it, for lights shone from nearly every window. A few yards further, Karl turned into his mother's grounds by a private gate.

Their own house looked, on the contrary, all dark. Karl could not see that so much as the hall-lamp was lighted. A sudden conviction flashed over him that he was wrong, after all; that it was to Foxwood he ought to have gone.

"My mother, and Adam, and all the world are off to it, no doubt," he said, as he looked at the dark windows, after knocking at the door. "Deuce take the telegraph!"

The door was opened by Hewitt—Hewitt with a candle in his hand. That is, the door was drawn a few inches back, and the man's face appeared in the aperture. Karl was seized with a sudden panic, for he had never seen, in all his life, a face blanched as that was, or one so full of horror.

"What is the matter?" he involuntarily exclaimed, under his breath.

Ay, what was the matter? Hewitt, the faithful serving-man of many years, threw up his hands when he saw Karl, and cried out aloud before he told it. His master, Sir Adam, had shot Martin Scott.

Karl Wynne stood against the door-post inside, as he listened—stood like one bereft of motion. For a moment he could put no questions; but it crossed his mind that Hewitt must be mad, and was telling some fable of an excited brain.

Not so. It was all too true. Adam Wynne had deliberately shot the young medical student, Martin Scott. And Hewitt—poor Hewitt—had been a witness to the deed.

"Is he dead?" gasped Karl; and it was the first word he spoke.

"Stone dead, sir. The shot entered his heart. 'Twas done at sunset. He was carried into Mr. Turner's place, and is lying there."

A confused remembrance of the lights he had seen arose to Karl's agitated brain. He pressed his hand on his brow and stared at Hewitt. For a moment or two he thought he, himself, must be going mad.

"And where is he—my brother?"

"The police have taken him away, Mr. Karl. Two of them happened to be passing just at the time."

And Karl knew that the prisoner he had met in custody, with the guardians of the law around and the trailing mob behind, was his brother, Sir Adam Wynne.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE HISTORY OF YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle was a great favorite with the patriots of the revolution; for it always meant downright patriotism. When it first came into use in the colonies is not known. Some of the emigrants may have brought it from England. Those who say it was learned of the Dutch at New York or Albany are not so wild in their guessing as they might be. It has been said and believed that this tune was composed in 1755, by Dr. Schackburg, of the British army, for the New England troops that fought with the British against the French at Niagara and Fontenac. It may or may not be true, that he brought it to the attention of the New Englanders at that time, but it is certain he did not compose itt It was known in England in the time of Charles I; and in the time of the second Charles, was used for a song on a lady of questionable character, which has since become a nursery song:

Lucy Lockett lost her pocket;
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it, etc.

In times not much later, the English had a Yankee Doodle in Kent, and sang the tune to a popular song which began thus:

Yanker Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called him macaroni.

Evart A. Duyckinck, after considerable investigation, suggested that the tune came originally from Holland, and referred to an old Dutch harvest song, which has this refrain:

Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viner, voover vown,
Botermilk and Tanther.

The pay of the harvesters was buttermilk for drink, and one-tenth of the grain they harvested. Hence the last lines of the chorus, which mean "buttermilk and a tenth." This old song, with its chorus, our Yankee Doodle, has been current in Holland and the Low Countries from "time immemorial." There is good reason for believing the tune originated there. It is manifest that our Yankee Doodle was originally and anciently a Dutchman—a jolly gentleman of the Low Countries—who came to us through England, was gladly naturalized, and at length advanced to high honors. In the time of the Revolution, the song for which "Yankee Doodle" was most used may have been first written as a burlesque, and then revised with a more genial aim.

THE ORIGIN OF PUMPKIN PIES.

The pumpkin pie is considered a purely American dainty, and ample justice is done it at each annual return of the holidays. It is to be hoped the institution will lose none of its patriotism and favor, and that the digestion of its lovers will not suffer when they discover that this specialty of the Yankee, in which he, or, more properly speaking, she—for the wife is the concocter—takes pride, is no American specialty after all, but existed in England two hundred years ago, and is to be found in "The Complete Cook," published in 1655.

The English pie is a much more elaborate affair than that of the Yankee, and contains more ingredients. We give the recipe, which is so old, i can, like the dresses worn at the same period, be introduced to this generation and called new:

"*To Make Pumpion Pie*—Take about half a pound of pumpion and stew it; a handful of thyme, a little rosemary, parsley, and sweet marjoram slipped off the stalk, and chop them small; then take cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, and six cloves, and beat them; take ten eggs and beat them; then mix them and beat them altogether, and put in as much sugar as you think fit; then fry them like a froise; after it is fried let it stand till it be cold, then fill your pie; take sliced apples thin, round ways, and lay a row of the froize and layer of apples, with currants betwixt them while your pie is filled, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it; when the pie is baked, take six yelks of eggs and some white wine of vergris (ver-juice,) and make a caudle of this, but not too thick; cut up the lid and put it in; stir them well together until the eggs and pumpions be not perceived, and serve it up."

Now, any lady adventurous enough to try this pie can call it by a French name and give a dinner party to introduce it.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE London *Builder* recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree with red chalk before it is taken up, and replace it in its natural position. A larger proportion will then live, as in ignoring this law of nature transplanted trees generally perish.

CUTTING BUSHES.—Bushes and trees cut early in the spring before growth commences, throw up vigorous shoots; cut after the buds swell, their vigor is much lessened, and it becomes less and less till the period of cessation in growth approaches, and that is the best time to cut them—that is, while still in growth, but as the terminal buds are nearly ready to form. After this, as autumn approaches, they are less and less affected by cutting.—*Country Gentleman.*

EARLY CUCUMBERS.—During leisure hours at this season of the year it is an excellent plan to make boxes about twelve inches square and say eight inches high, without bottom or top; these placed over the cucumber or melon hills and covered with glass gives an impetus to the plants early in the season that nothing short of a hot-bed will effect. If very early place a little fresh manure around these boxes to keep the contents warm. It is astonishing what an effect this simple contrivance will produce; and not only is it valuable for protection from the cold weather, but it is equally valuable as a protection from melon bugs and other predatory insects that seem to watch for our choicest esculents. Lima beans as well may be brought forward some days in advance of the usual season with the same contrivance.

CHIN BITING.—The treatment is to take away from him every thing that he can lay hold of with his teeth. Tie him away from stalls, racks, partitions, and put his feed on the floor, if long hay, or in a box if cut feed, and remove the box as soon as he is done eating. Continue this for several weeks, and the habit may possibly be broken up, though it becomes one, sometimes, of a most inveterate nature. Medicine will be thrown away upon him, unless the habit clearly arises from indigestion. To the suggestions above, about feeding, add great regularity in the time of doing so, and exercise the horse, every day, for two or three hours. If the animal has a constipated habit, give him something that will gently move the bowels. Do not resort to any violent measures whatever. Washing the woodwork of the stalls with carbolic-acid water will sometimes prevent horses from biting it.

HOW TO USE A DEAD HORSE.—A dead horse or other animal should be skinned, and roughly cut up into as many small pieces as possible. A plot of ground a few rods square should then be ploughed deeply, and the carcass thrown upon the soil in the centre of the ploughed ground. Some freshly dry-slacked lime should then be scattered upon the heap, so as to cover it thinly but wholly. The loose earth is then heaped over it, a foot in depth, and the pile covered with boards, so that dogs cannot get at the heap and tear it up. If the least smell is perceived, more earth should be thrown upon the heap. In three months the heap may be dug over or turned over with the plough, and well mixed. The bones that cannot be broken up should be taken from the heap, and the fine matter will be worth at least $30 per ton, to use in the hill for corn. The larger bones may be broken up and buried among the roots of rape-vines and fruit-trees.

CLEMATIS SEEDLINGS.—The most of our flower-loving people are unaware how readily the Virgin's flower, or Clematis, may be raised from seed. It is true that the finer hybrids and varieties will not reproduce themselves here in this manner, but, on the contrary, will sport off into a great diversity of colors and forms; and this is a valuable feature to the enterprising florist who desires to experiment and produce something new. The seeds should be collected as soon as ripe, and sown at once, using a box of light rich turfy soil; cover them very slightly, and water only when dry. Clematis seeds germinate slowly, and require a very long time in most cases if allowed to become thoroughly dry before sowing. They may be allowed to remain in the boxes one season, before setting out in the open ground; but if planted in cold frames and shaded slightly the first season, as well as protected with strawy manure the following winter, the owner will be enabled to ascertain the character of the bloom much sooner than by allowing them to struggle along in the open ground.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER!"

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT OR LUNGS, a neglected Cold may be all that is required to establish a lingering and general fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

FACETIÆ.

MOST POETICAL.

He threw himself bump at her fairy-like feet,
While her dainty white fingers he press'd,
And his tones were quite low and excessively sweet,
As the maiden he gently address'd.
"Give ear, oh, my charmingest, now unto me,
And gaze not around thee unheeding;
Of thy heart let thy lover's fond words be the key—
Oh, list to his eloquent pleading.
And look! he has plucked thee a bonny red rose,
The dew on its rare petals glancing.
Oh, immerse in its bosom thy tip-tilted nose,
And breathe of its perfume entrancing."
The damsel she sniffed, and she turned her about,
And she turned her about and she sighed;
And at length, with a prettily petulant pout,
She thus to her lover replied:
"Bud, pray, don't you, by darlig, be huff'd,
For I've taked the frightfullest cold id by head,
And by ears are with with cotted wool stuff'd."

"ANN," observed a Danbury housekeeper to the hired girl, the other morning, "as we have entered upon the dawn of another century of our nation's history, I guess you had better get a tooth brush of your own."

"Now, sir," said an attorney to a red-headed juryman, in Judge Knox's court, "do I understand you to say that, notwithstanding your bias and prejudice, you could, sittin' on that jury, decide this case by the evidence without leaning merely to one side than the other?"

"No, sir; I don't use such bad grammar as that; I'd think lessly of myself if I did."

The court called him to order.

THE intelligent compositor was setting up an article (contributed), when he came across the following passage:

"Elvira," he cried in a passionate voice, "Elvira, fly with me!"

"Antonio," she sobbed, smiling through her tears, "I will. Blame me if I don't!"

At that moment a tall figure stepped between them, and the sullen voice of Hugo de Grubbs was heard:

"Avaunt, slight girl! And as for you, base minion—"

The intelligent compositor had just got as far as this when an illegitimate idea was born to him, and with the remark, "The howling ignoramus! Why, minion wasn't invented until 1654, and this is a story of the Middle Ages," he changed the passage so that it read:

"Avaunt, slight girl! And as for you, base brevier—"

The foreman shot him with a shooting-stick. The sad event has cast a gloom over the community.

A TAILOR WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—A young man from one of the suburban districts was in one of our tailor shops getting measured for a vest, the other afternoon.

"Married or unmarried?" queried the merchant, after taking down the number.

"Unmarried," said the young man, with a blush.

"Inside pocket on the left hand side, then," observed the tailor, as if to himself, making a memorandum to that effect.

After a moment's pause, the young man from the suburbs was prompted to ask:

"What difference does my being married or unmarried make with the inside pocket of the vest."

"Ah, my dear sir," observed the tailor, with a bland smile, "all the difference possible, as you must see. Being unmarried you want the pocket on the left side, so as to bring the young lady's picture next to your heart."

"But don't the married man also want his wife's picture next to his heart?" queried the anxious youth.

"Possibly there is an instance of that kind," said the tailor, arching his eyebrows, "but I never heard of it."

OUR MILITARY RESOURCES.

The military history of the United States is as strange as the rise and rapid growth of the nation. In 1790 the rank and file of the army, as fixed by act of Congress, amounted to 1,216; and in 1814 an English expedition of 3,500 men was able to seize and burn Washington, the capital of a country which even then numbered eight millions of inhabitants. In 1861, at the commencement of the war of the secession, the whole regular force amounted to only 14,000. In April of that year the President called out 75,000 volunteer for three months to defend the capital, which was threatened; and in May a further call for 42,000 was made. In July two calls for 500,000 each were authorized by Congress, and as this vast force proved insufficient for the gigantic struggle which America had now embarked in, it was found necessary to introduce the conscription. In October, 1863, a levy of 300,000 was ordered, and in February, 1864, a further call of 500,000 men were ordered, but were only partially carried out in consequence of the cessation of hostilities. The total number of men called under arms by the government of the United States between April 1861, and April, 1865, amounted to 2,752,049, of whom 2,656,053 were actually embodied in the armies. If to these be added 1,100,000 men embodied by the southern States during the same time, the total armed force reached the enormous amount of nearly four millions, drawn from a population of only 32,000,000—figures before which the celebrated uprising of the French, in 1703, or the recent efforts of France and Germany in the war of 1870-71, sink into insignificance. And within three years the whole of these vast forces were peaceably disbanded, and the army had shrunk to a nominal strength of only 30,000 men.

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky at different times are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a natural gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening—an unfavorable one in the morning. Clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain; while more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has seen fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

The Western Settler's Choicest Specific

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels to which climatic changes, exposure and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

These Pills are composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, and although they entirely supersede the use of Mercury, do not leave any of its injurious effects. They act directly upon the liver, and are a valuable remedy in all cases of derangement of that organ. Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all Bilious Disorders succumb to the free use of them.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.—Everything that can be procured through the agency of love, affection or wealth, is often found in many of our far famed, beautiful and hospitable mansions. Yet this delightful state of things may be marred by the slightest accident, such as the loss of a choice book, the ruin of a rare gem, or that most annoying and painful accident, a severe burn. The cries and lamentation dependent upon the first two are soon hushed as the thought recurs to the fact that they can easily be replaced with money. The third one, however, is the most serious, a thousand and one remedies are proposed, yet none allays the intense pain, nor gives relief to the anguish of mind (always incidental to a severe burn), but which, when healed, the new skin will "contract" and form those disfiguring scars so often seen. The only known remedy for the instant relief of the intense pain and preventative of the "contraction of the skin is Dr. P. J. Griffen & Co.'s Universal Hemorrhoidal, seventy-five cents. and Pyrine twenty-five cents. They should be in every house. Ask your chemist for them, or address, with stamp, Dr. P. G. Griffen & Co., No. 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Mention this paper.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

PROFESSOR ASHER'S Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

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A Universal Remedy.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

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THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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Debility, a depressed, irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequences of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Take only E. F. Kunkel's, it has a yellow wrapper around it, his photograph on outside. Sold by your druggist. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa.

259 Tape Worms Removed Alive, 259

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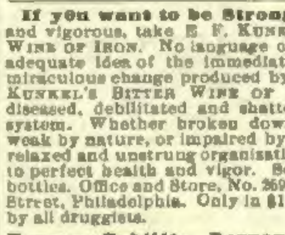

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GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor. "What corner is the Building on?"

Attendant. "South-East corner of *Sixth* and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 180 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the inspector's room on the fourth floor."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our fifth floor and see! We keep 70 hands all the time cutting up the cloth into garments,—besides two machines that do a dozen men's work each at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all the way through, that enables us to put our prices down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into Stock it is *tickted*. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 30 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away just as perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir! we have more than *twenty*, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom-made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its complete stock of all underwear. The Shirt Factory, with its busy machines, making our own first-class shirts. The Trimming Department, itself as big as many a regular store. The Garment Stock Room. The Receiving Room. The Order Department, named before. The Special Uniforms Department. The Delivery Department, with its score of messengers. The—"

V. "Hold, hold! sir, enough!"

A. "I'm not half through! The Advertising Department, with its bill and sign distributors, editing and publishing of business and popular journal, circulating, free, 20,000 copies monthly (tell all your friends to send for it). The Men's Department, with its many rooms. The Boys' Department. The Youths' Department. The Children's Department, with its special entrance for ladies. The Telegraph Department. The Chief Clerk's Department, with its book-keepers and assistants. General Manager's Department; Financier's Office, and other offices of the firm; all busy as bees thinking, planning, executing, buying, making, registering, receiving, sending out, selling, and in a thousand ways joining their forces to carry on a business with the people amounting to between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 annually."

V. "S-t-u-p-e-n-d-o-u-s!"

A. "Indeed it is! I forgot to name the Cashier's Department, which handles its $25,000 of retail sales on some single days!"

V. "$25,000! Immense! That's what enables the house to buy cheap and sell cheap!"

A. "Exactly! You have just hit it. The people throng here, knowing that we depend on low prices and immense sales."

V. "What are the 'FOUR RULES' I hear so much about?"

A. "Our system of business dealing—1. One price, no deviation; 2. Cash for everything; 3. A guarantee protecting the purchaser; 4. The money returned if the buyer can't otherwise be suited."

V. "Nothing could be fairer."

A. "Nothing. And the people see it."

V. "Well, I thank you, sir, for your polite attention."

A. "Not at all. It's a pleasure to serve you. Call again; and be sure of the place—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, South-East corner Sixth and Market."

V. "Thank you! I shall be happy to do so. Good morning."

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

The great interest in the thrilling history of our country makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains a full account of the approaching Grand Centennial Exhibition.

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A Perfect Hair Dressing.

A Promoter of the Growth of the Hair.

A Preparation Free from irritating matter.

BURNETT'S

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For preserving and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The COCOAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized

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prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
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It remains longest in effect.

It is the Best and Cheapest

HAIR DRESSING

In the World.

DIRECTIONS.

Apply with the hand, or a soft brush, every other day, or as often as the case may require, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair.

To remove *Dandruff, Scurf, &c.*, wash the head with BURNETT'S KALLISTON, rub dry with a towel, and apply the COCOAINE as directed.

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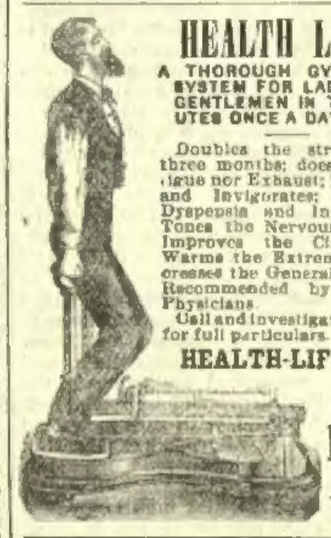

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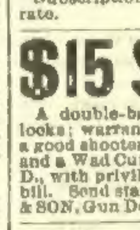

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Sent with 100 Cartridges for $3. FULL NICKEL PLATE. Satisfaction guaranteed. *Illustrated Catalogue FREE.* WESTERN GUN WORKS, Chicago, Ill., 69 Dearborn st. (McCormick Block). P. O. Box 5440.

Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the only preparation, one package of which will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents a package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. JONES, Ashland, Mass.

FREE [illegible] contains 15 sheets Paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Golden Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with [illegible] Buttons, post-paid. Tr.

THE BOUDOIR.

It seems early days yet to discuss muslin and lawn toilettes, and yet such is the eager anticipatory nature of the devotees of fashion that the "coming season" takes up half of the present one; and there seems to be almost as much pleasure in speculating and arranging what we are going to wear, as in the actual fact of wearing it. Among the pretty things promised for the warm season is the "Centennial lawn," shown in bright, cheerful tints, with borders of different widths for flounces, sleeves, ruffles, etc. There will be a noticeable tendency in making up such goods to follow past fashions, modified, of course, by more æsthetic taste than belonged to those less enlightened days. The long bodice, the coquettish fichu cape crossed over the bust, the shortening of the dress sufficiently in front to reveal the dainty low shoes, with colored stockings to match the dress, silk-clocked; while a bow of ribbon and appropriate buckle embellishes the shoe top. Later, when these fashion rumors assume tangible shapes, we will give more detailed description of them. To return to the present styles.

For dinner and reception toilettes there is a great fancy for the Juive overdresses, which is made with a bib corsage. This corsage is cut in one piece with the skirt, which latter has many of the Gabrielle features. We saw a very pretty model of such a toilette, made of silk and cashmere. The color was slate blue in two shades. The cashmere was in stripes. The underskirt was of the silk, and had a deep flounce of the striped cashmere, at the bottom of which was a knife pleating of silk; above this flounce was a puffing of silk. The overdress of the striped cashmere was cut very long, and had square bib bodice, back and front fitting closely to the figure; and having straps across the shoulder. The trimming consisted of a band of the silk laid in folds, and edged by a deep knotted silk fringe. The under-corsage is plain and tight fitting, of the silk. The sleeves plain, and edged with a knife-pleating of the silk. A standing collar, laid in pleats, is around the neck.

A pretty suit for the promenade was made of light brown silk and striped drab camel's hair suiting. The stripes in groups of seven, with an equal width of plain material between them. The underskirt was plain, and the overdress simulated a polonaise: the back being slightly draped, the front lapped from left to right, and buttoned with large brown vegetable ivory buttons. A wide bias band of silk trims the bottom of the overskirt, and extended up the front. The corsage is a cuirass basque, rather long, and double-breasted, lapping over the same way as the skirt. The basque is bordered with a bias fold of silk; the sleeves have deep cuffs of the silk; an English collar finishes the neck, and a muff of silk, bordered with two bands of seal skin, completes this very neat costume.

An appropriate costume for a young girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, was made of dark green silk, and cashmere of a similar tint. The underskirt, of dark green, had a flounce, headed by a puff and standing ruffle. The overskirt was a deep square apron, edged with bias fold and piping of silk. It is but slightly draped in the back, and has loops of wide green ribbon arranged in sash form. The wrap worn with it is a dolman cape of dark green cashmere, trimmed with wide braid, arranged down the back and front in longitudinal rows. The sleeves, which are moderately long, have two rows of braid around them. It had deep fringe around it. Hat of green felt with soft crown of green silk, the rim is looped behind, and shades the forehead. A quilling of cashmere lace defines the ending of the soft crown. Loops of ribbon hang from under the rim at the back.

A cloak for a little girl of nine or ten was of slate blue, made loose sacque form, trimmed around the bottom with a deep knife pleating of silk a shade darker; above which was two rows of bias folds. The knife pleating extends up the front, and a row of ribbon loops overlapping each other. A knife pleating of silk surrounds the neck, and a deep pocket of silk, laid in deep longitudinal pleats, is placed on the left of the front. The hat worn with this basque was of gray felt, trimmed with a slate colored scarf and loops of lighter serge ribbon. The brim is turned back in front, and lined with pale blue silk, across which is placed a row of white Marguerites with brown centres.

A hat for a boy of eight years of age was of brown felt, with soft rim upturned all around and bound with inch wide silk braid; has a silver dagger on the left side.

A pretty suit for a boy of seven is of gray cassimere, made with knee pants, falling loose, and trimmed with two rows of darker colored gray braid. The vest buttoned from the neck down, and is rather long. The jacket has square fronts, and falls open from the throat, being fastened there with a tab of the material and two buttons. It is also trimmed with two rows of the gray braid. The hat worn with this was a derby, with soft crown, and of a darker gray than the suit.

Shepherds' plaid in soft woolen material is much used for boys' suits; also claret-colored cassimere, and dark green. Black velvet jockey caps are worn by some, and low-crowned beavers with stiff rims.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Damask ribbons will again be popular for trimming hats.

Robe lawns, with narrow border patterns for trimming sleeves, flounces, etc., will be much used for spring and summer wear.

Cashmere lace will be the favorite trimming during the coming season.

White, cream-tinted, and clear blue-white is extremely fashionable for dress toilettes.

Overskirts follow the example of the days, just now, and lengthen.

Hats shading the forehead and with rim upturned behind, are popular for morning wear.

The custom of wearing part of the back hair crimped and flowing, for evening toilette, is much in vogue abroad for young girls, and is called *coiffure Americaine*.

Cashmere sacques, braided all over, are worn again.

Veils of scru tinted grenadine are worn, in lieu of the dark ones once hitherto popular.

The prevailing fashion is to wear soft pliant goods, such as cashmere, etc., which will drape easily, and fall in long graceful folds.

Many of the new dresses are shown with fichu capes, having long scarf ends, which cross in front, and are draped behind.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Collades & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

There is a new style of pardessus used for spring days, when the weather is damp and rainy, that merits a detailed description. It is of a long sacque shape, with back fitting in somewhat to the figure, and the front falling loose. Material used for making it may be any of the woolen goods used for suitings. Number of yards required are, of goods twenty-seven inches wide, ten yards for a tall person, and about eight and a half for a short figure. The pattern consists of five parts, i. e.: front, sidebody, back, sleeve and hood. Pockets can be added ad libitum. The model by which we illustrate our meaning is of dark blue Knickerbocker goods, with the spot or "flake" upon its surface of light blue. The fronts are cut loose, and button from the throat to hem with medium-sized vegetable ivory buttons. On each side of the front are two deep pockets, at a convenient distance down to put the hands in. The back is half tight, and has sidebodies. It is fitted in to the figure by means of a belt set on outside and fastened at each end by a button. Underneath are placed wide tape strings, which tie in front, and keep the shape of the back well adapted to the figure. The sleeves are the coat shape, loose and with a reversible cuff, fastened down on the outer seam with buttons to match those down the front. The neck is simply finished with an inch wide band, and the deep hood, which is the feature of the garment. This hood is pointed in the middle of the front, and is quite deep, making it an easy matter to draw it over the bonnet or hat in case of rain, or extreme cold. The hem of this garment is simply stitched by machine, one or two rows. Its simplicity and convenience will, we are sure, commend this pardessus to our readers. Made of light woolen cloth, in drab, fawn, or brown color, it would be a valuable accessory to summer travel, being so much lighter than the conventional waterproof cloak. We furnish pattern on receipt of price, 50 cents, and two stamps for mailing. Also can purchase suitable material for such a garment.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. C.—Sent parcel by express on the 8th inst.

Nettie R.—Received your communication and will attend to it at once.

Anxious Girl.—We know of nothing safe and not injurious to the skin which will take away freckles. Lime juice is said to be good, but it is also said of it that the sun turns it brown. Scraped horseradish and new milk is an excellent cosmetic. Perhaps in time they will wear away.

Miss L. M. (Danville, Va.)—The dolman cloak will be used for spring wear. Many will be made of light cloth, others of the same material as the suit. Your fawn colored camel's hair cloth can be turned to advantage; and the dolman of the same, trimmed with deep knotted fringe of a shade darker. Line the wide hanging sleeves with satin silk of a shade to match the fringe. A deep flat tassel of crimped silk twist will look well at the end of each sleeve, at the end of each front piece, and at the back of the neck. Wear dark blue mingled with cream tinted lace in the front of your light felt hat.

Nixon.

PARADISE.

PARAPHRASE OF A HINDOO LEGEND.

A Hindoo died: a happy thing to do,
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries,
Before the gate of Brahma's Paradise:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married!"—and he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son:
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No; what then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married! 'Tis well, for I've been married twice!"
"Beyond! We'll have no fools in Paradise!"

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER V.

THE FUR STEALERS—MARK AND WALTER PRISONERS—A LUCKY RETURN.

Our youthful hunters longed to show Luther and the guide the trophy of their contest with the honey hunter; but two days passed without bringing the twain back to Snow-bank. The boys in the cabin did not become uneasy, but their impatience increased, and they anxiously looked northeast for a glimpse of their comrades. Sir Bruin's savory steaks furnished excellent food, and the shaggy hide, well dressed after Kit's superb manner, was drying in the hut.

It was earlier than usual that Mark and Walter reached the martin traps on the second morning after the finding of the bear dead on Saddleback.

To their astonishment they found no game, and stared blankly into each other's faces.

"Here are tracks!" suddenly cried Mark, pointing to the faint impressions of snow-shoes on the snow. "Our traps have been tampered with. Here is fur that was not here yesterday. Walter, thieves have been about."

Mark Boldly's eyes flashed and his cheeks paled with indignation.

"The rascals!" ejaculated young Duval. "I wish we had them here!"

"If we had they'd never steal another man's marten!"

"Never!" said Walter, firmly.

The theft was enough to rouse the indignation of any man, and the boys resolved to avenge their loss.

An examination of the traps convinced the owners that five valuable martens had been extracted during the night. The raccoon traps farther up stream had not been tampered with; but the mink snares were thrown without a single exception. The tracks of the thief—for a closer scrutiny revealed the fact that but one person had committed the depredation—were discernible about every trap, and his trail led towards Mooseprong. Over this latter discovery the boys held a council.

Mooseprong was distant about six miles from the trapping ground, and Mark was for following the thief thither.

"If we do not come up with him this side of the lake we will return," he said. "It is likely that he has stopped to skin his animals, and I expect to find him before we get to the lake."

Walter lost no time in concurring with his comrade's views, and leaving Harold to watch the cabin, the two boys returned to the trapping grounds, where they threw themselves upon the trail of the marten thief.

On their light snow-shoes, they made good progress over the snow, which did not blind them, as the day was cloudy. The atmosphere was quite pleasant for the season; there was no snow in the air, and the enthusiasm that filled the trailers' hearts deserved a better fate than their undertaking met.

The thief was a white man, as his steps indicated, and several unskillful patchings of his shoes visible in the snow, proclaimed him a good-for-nothing vagabond. He led the trailers straight towards Moose-prong, and at length they recognised the ground where the wolves had attacked them, as already mentioned.

On the memorable spot a brief halt was made, and it was decided to cross the ravine that lay in front of them, before inaugurating a reconnoisance to the shores of Moose-prong.

The young couple again advanced with boldness, and upon the bank of the ravine came suddenly upon a sight they did not relish.

Four uncouth men stood in the middle of the little canon, and saw the boys at the instant of their appearance.

The recognition was mutual, the young Nimrods knew that their trail had ended.

There was no leveling of rifles on the part of the trailers; no starting back for protection and defence among the trees, for before they could recover from their surprise, four guns covered their devoted breasts.

"Come down here," shouted one of the men, with an air of command. "We want to see you."

"And be quick about it, too," said a second rough voice.

Without a word, the boys descended the bank and found themselves in the midst of the vagabond trappers.

The remains of a fire still smouldered near by, and the carcasses of several martens lay in the trampled snow. The men were tall fellows, roughly dressed, and were countenances decidedly vagabondish. Their faces were covered with hair, which rendered their aspect the more repulsive and brutal.

"What do ye want?" asked the spokesman of the party, addressing the young trappers, but more particularly Walter, on whose shoulder he clapped his heavy hand.

"We want our stolen game, sir," said the boy, glancing at the stripped martens.

"Your game!" cried the man. "Why you're the most impudent monkey I ever hearn tell on. Game! What game, and whose got it?"

At this, the whole band burst into coarse laughter, which irritated Mark, who pointed to one of the dead martens, exclaiming:

"That marten was in our trap last night. The man who stole it is here. We have tracked him from Saddleback to this spot."

"You're gettin' saucy, youngster," cried one of the vagabonds, approaching Mark. "I've a mind to prove your breathing apparatus!"

"Try it, sir!" cried the boy, putting his hand on the hilt of his knife, as he stepped back. "We want our property—nothing more. Give it to us, and we will go back."

Again the villains laughed.

"I've an idea," said one, addressing his companions, "there be booty in that leg hut on Saddleback. Now is our time to strike. Kit South is away."

The boys, who heard these words, wondered how the vagabonds became acquainted with Kit's absence. They sighed when the men agreed to make a raid on Snow-Bank, and at one blow deprive them of their winter's success. They thought of the valuable pelts stored within the cabin, and feared for their own lives, as the quartette were men without principles—cut-throats of the trapping-grounds of Maine.

After a brief consultation, the white renegades set out for Saddleback carrying with them the two boys, who were unarmed and well-guarded. The youngest of the number was the one who had visited the traps. He boasted of his success, and in a sarcastic tone, which excited the merriment of his companions, instructed the prisoners in the art of catching the various fur-bearing animals of wood and stream.

But the boys had no relish for the instructions, however full of useful hints they undoubtedly were, and walked along in silence and thought.

"There's the place!" suddenly cried one of the outlaws, and the captives looked up to behold Snow-Bank standing grim and deserted-like, on the shore of Saddleback.

No sign of life was visible about the hut, and as the vagabonds advanced secure in their belief in Kit's absence, the silence to the boys grew ominous.

Where was Harold who had been left in charge of the place?

The silence told the anxious pair that some event had befallen him.

"Here we are, boys!" said the leader of the fur stealers, who went by the name of Jack Snow. "We'll make a haul here that'll open our eyes. Any body to home! Say!" and he struck the cabin door with his heavy fist.

His enquiry was unexpectedly answered. The door flew open without warning, and the party without the threshold looked into the muzzles of seven rifles!

Mark and Walter could have shouted for joy, for they saw the face of Snow-Shoe Kit behind one of the guns.

"Drop your guns in the snow!" cried the guide, sternly, to the renegades, who had started from the terrible tableau. "Down with them, I say! You know me, Jack Snow—you and you trap breakers. I give you a minute to obey, or receive a bullet in your brain!"

With muttered oaths the fur stealers released their weapons, which fell to the ground, and the tenants of the cabin appeared.

They were Kit, Harold, Luther and four Androscoggins—seven in all.

"You good-for nothin' dogs, I've a mind to shoot you!" said the guide, addressing the vagabonds. "Jack Snow, you've tampered with my traps before, and I said then that I would shoot you on sight. But I will spare you as I would spare a cowardly wolf that is beneath my notice!"

The captured thieves did not reply, but fire flashed from their eyes when they saw the stalwart guide break their guns on the tall pines.

"There'se your guns," he cried, flinging the useless weapons at their owner's feet. "Now back to your low callin'—that of stealin' honest peoples' property. Go!"

With many a dark vow muttered, the four discomfitted men picked up their guns and turned their backs upon Saddleback and its lonely cabin. The victors covered them with their rifles until they passed beyond range. It was with difficulty that Kit had prevented the Indians from inflicting summary punishment on the thieves, and the red men contented themselves with the demolition of the guns.

"We are not shut of them, I am sure!" said Mark, addressing the guide. "They will lie in wait for us and destroy our traps."

"To do which they must follow us to Mount Bigelow," said Luther, with a smile.

"Are we going to leave Saddleback?"

"We are, Mark," the guide said. "The Androscoggin country is alive with silver foxes, and the big moose have made it their headquarters. It's the country for us, and we'll never want for company there."

It was a relief to the boys, the intended departure for Bigelow; and it was with many genuine sighs they left Saddleback, where they had passed many happy hours.

The day after the adventure narrated above, the entire party, loaded with traps and furs, set out for Mount Bigelow and the new trapping grounds of the Androscoggins.

They knew when they bade farewell to Snow-Bank that they would never sleep beneath its roof again, for the torch of the outwitted vagabonds was sure to reduce it to a heap of ashes.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

Mr. Jones, in a certain state of household matters, is obliged to get his meals anyhow and anywhere. The star of womanhood is decidedly in the ascendant.

FANCY COSTUMES.

In continuation of a former article on this subject, we give a description of some other costumes for costume parties, etc: Evangeline wears the costume which is usually considered appropriate to a Norman peasant girl—a short skirt and kirtle, that is, a tunic draped behind, over a petticoat of some prettily contrasting color, a bodice of velvet laced across the front with a white muslin chemisette or kerchief daintily tucked in, and a peasant's white muslin cap to correspond. A muslin apron with pocket should also be worn, and to complete the costume a large gold cross on the bosom and gold ear-rings should be added. The color and material of the petticoat and tunic are entirely a matter of taste or fancy, and the material may be either simple or expensive, according to what may be convenient or desirable; as, for example, the petticoat may be of satin, silk or bright colored cotton, with tunic or something which is in keeping. Black velvet bands often form an effective addition to the petticoat and impart a dressy appearance to a cheap fabric. A still better idea, perhaps, can be formed of this costume by quoting the description given by Longfellow, who certainly may be supposed to know what was best adapted to his heroine. According to him, she is "with her distaff spinning, wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, large ear-rings, brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom, handed down from the mother to the child."

Cinderella wears a brightly colored dress of calico, made with short skirt, bodice high, with heart-shaped neck, over which a white muslin 'kerchief is crossed. The sleeves are short, and a muslin cap is worn on the head; a broom is in one hand, and a simulated glass slipper is suspended at the side. An excellent representation of a glass slipper is one of white satin, covered with tinsel. This costume is inexpensive, and quite easily arranged; to certain styles it would be very becoming, and would be especially appropriate for a calico ball.

Mary of Scotland wears a plain skirt of black velvet, with bodice pointed at the back and front, low neck, with straps of velvet over the shoulders. The neck is filled in with a chemisette of sheer muslin, tarletane, or crepe lisse, and sleeves to correspond are puffed to the wrists. The hair should be rolled back from the forehead, with velvet coif and long crepe lisse veil, rosary and crucifix at the side. Sometimes the black velvet skirt shows a puffed front of white satin, dotted with pearls, and in this case the chemisette and coiffure should be trimmed with pearls to match.

Other peasant costumes are with short skirt and low bodice, made in any inexpensive material—merino or cashmere, and finished according to fancy.

Mother Hubbard wears a petticoat quilted of some dark material, with chintz polonaise open in front, bodice high on the shoulders, with low square neck, filled in with muslin; sleeves to the elbow and mop cap. The polonaise should be very much bunched at the back, and large spectacles and crutch give finish to the whole. "Little Bo-Peep" is dressed in similar style, except that her hair is in curls. In place of the cap she wears a fanciful straw hat, and carries a crook instead of the crutch. Sometimes she wears a bright petticoat, with muslin apron, trimmed with bows of bright colored ribbon.

We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts. We want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A man in Iowa is credited with having built the smallest steam engine on record. The little beam weighs one pennyweight and seventeen grains, is complete and symmetrical, and when steam is applied it runs smoothly and sings sweetly.

A California inventor has patented a contrivance for driving sewing machines, which does away with the treadle. A number of springs are moved by clockwork and governed by a lever so nicely that the needle may be made to move at any desired rate of speed. The machine will run for about an hour and a quarter with one winding up.

The difficulty of inserting screws in plaster walls without attaching them to any woodwork may be overcome by enlarging the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, filling it with plaster of paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bedding the screw in the soft plaster. When the plaster has set the screw will be held very strongly.

A simple mode of roughing horses, practiced in Russia, consists in punching a square hole in each heel of the shoe, which, in ordinary weather may be kept closed by a piece of cork. When the ground is slippery, the cork is removed and a steel spike inserted. If this steel-rough be made to fit the hole exactly, it remains firm in its place, and is not liable to break off short at the neck, like some of the screwed spikes.

A German chemist has discovered that molasses can be successfully and profitably made from corn. The process has been tested in Iowa, and bids fair to become a great industry. The corn used was the common crop, such as is fed to live stock, and the product was excellent molasses. The farmers in the neighborhood of the mill took their corn thither and sold it. So that the operation was on the same basis as the cheese and butter factories and the canning establishments.

It is promised by the British Ordnance Department that ere the present year closes England will possess six 81-ton cannons, one of which, having lately been 'proved,' is now being rifled at Woolwich. It costs $18 a shot to teach the artillerymen how to fire them. The 81-ton guns are to be made to show Herr Frederick Krupp, the German metal-founder, that guns of colossal size can be made by others than himself. It is said that, resolved to go "one better," Herr Krapp is now making a 125-ton gun. If he does it may be taken for granted that England will try to manufacture one still more enormous.

A German inventor, named Blobbaum, of Chicago, claims to have invented a machine for making gas from live and black oak and crude petroleum, precisely the constituent parts which compose coal, only in a different period, or state of formation. The retorts are differently constructed, and no non-combustible element let in to make the meters move and indicate a larger number of feet passing through than is actually consumed. Capitalists have tested the machine at the Tremont House, in Chicago, and works for making the machines have been started in Detroit and Racine. The patentees claim that they can make gas at 25½ cents per thousand feet.

The Gresson Gold Medal was awarded to Dr. William G. A. Bonwill, the dentist, for his electro-magnetic mallet, by which two thousand blows are struck in a minute, used in consolidating gold in the operation of filling teeth. The inventor has thus received the award of the Franklin Institute for this instrument, which he claims is as great a help in dentistry as the sewing machine is in housewifery. This medal has been awarded only six times since 1848, and for such inventions as Thighman's sand blast, Chambers' folding press, Zentmeyer's microscopical instruments, etc. The invention, by which the most delicate blows are struck so rapidly at a cost of fuel for the electricity not exceeding fifteen cents a week, it is claimed, can be applied with equal significance to the chisel of the sculptor, the pen of the manifold writer, the pencil of the chaser of metals, and in fact to any of the arts requiring delicacy of touch combined with force, and susceptible of control regulated by the will of the operator.

A new story next week, by Miss M. E. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER!"

PERSONALITIES.

The Sultan of Turkey never smiles. He has too many wives.

A bill has just been introduced in the British Parliament to make Queen Victoria "Empress of India."

Mr. Motley, the historian, has been elected a member of the London Academy of Moral and Political Science.

Secretary Fish sets the bad example of spending $10,000 a year above the salary his poor country is able to give him.

The receipts of the Palace Hotel at San Francisco for a single day have reached the enormous sum of $22,863.

Jennie June scolds the girls for permitting young men to be extravagant upon them in the way of bouquets, carriages, and what not.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will be the guests of Sir Edward Thornton during their visit to the Centennial Exhibition.

Field-Marshal Von Wrangle, of the Prussian army, is indeed a veteran. He is now in his eightieth year of service and the ninety-second of his life.

A Mrs. Peabody, of Worcester, formerly of Turk's Island, Iowa, is confident she owns the original nightcap that warmed the head of the late William Penn.

Reverdy Johnson was elected to the Maryland State Legislature fifty-five years ago—ten years before Byron died and when Poe was only eleven years old!

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil will arrive in this country some time in the coming month. The Emperor will travel under the name of Don Pedro de Alcantara.

Colonel Valentine Baker's wife has not got a divorce, as was stated; but, on the contrary, visits him daily in prison, and at the expiration of his term will come with him to this country.

During their visit to Booth's Theatre to see "Julius Cæsar," the Yale students astonished the audience by singing "Bingo" between the acts. This is what a college education does for a man.

G. Defrine and E. B. Drew have been appointed by the Government of China commissioners to prepare a collection of Chinese products for exhibition at the Centennial. Both represented China at Vienna.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is going to Europe in the spring. It was to be expected that in the season when everybody will be rushing from the Old World to the New, and the universal interest in our Centennial will wax great, there should be a marked wane on the other side of the globe. It will be a business trip.

Years ago Reverdy Johnson lost the sight of one of his eyes while training Edward Stanley to fight Henry A. Wise, after a row about racing. Stanley was practising for the duel when his bullet, striking a tree, glanced back and lodged in his instructor's eye. The "meeting" was thereupon prevented, and nothing but Johnson's iron frame saved his life.

One of the wealthiest of the new members in Congress is William A. Piper, of San Francisco, who owns two hundred acres of land within the city limits, the largest tract in the possession of a single person. He is probably the only man in Congress of pure Swedish stock, descended from the early settlers on the Delaware. His mother lived to be one hundred years old, and died in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, near Chambersburg, where Mr. Piper was born in 1825.

The *Rocky Mountain Herald*, of Denver, calls aloud for a monument for Kit Carson, "that grand old pathfinder, who showed and told Tom Benton, Fremont, and the Government all they ever knew about teh trans-Missouri empire. He, we regret to acknowledge, now lies chucked away in a coyote patch, under the shade of a couple of cottonwoods, on the Arkansas (Southern Colorado), without even a piece of picket-railing to protect his grave from the prowling wolves, or even a pencil-mark on a shingle for a headstone, to tell the traveler that Kit Carson sleeps beneath it."

Jennie June relates this reminiscence of her life at Southbridge, Mass.: "I had only one enemy in Southbridge, to my knowledge, and that was an elderly deacon's wife; the way it came about was this: I was my nephew's teacher, as well as my brother's housekeeper, and on one occasion, when we had been invited to dine in state at her house, she called out to Egbert in a high voice from her end of the table, 'Sonny, won't you have some puddin'?' and to the horror and consternation of his papa and myself, the terrible infant replied, quite as loudly, 'I guess if you lived at our house my aunt would make you say pudding.' I am sure at that moment I wished grammar and correct pronunciation were with truth at the bottom of a well, but it was of no avail. Going home, my reverend brother remarked, 'It will never be forgiven, Jennie'—and he proved to be right; it never was."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—In Love With Two. Cast Upon the Waters. Under the Snow. "To W. M. H." The Old, Old Story. Belle's Second Choice. The Leap Year Party.

An Old Friend.—The book called "Wide, Wide World," was written by a Miss Wetherell.

Cuban.—The present revolt in Cuba dates back as far as October 10, 1868, when the declaration of independence was made at Yara.

Florence.—"How am I to act if a young gentleman is very attentive to me, and I have discovered that he is engaged to another?" Give him his dismissal in the most summary manner possible.

G. L. M.—It is not in good taste for a gentleman to wear a number of rings on his fingers. He can wear one on the little finger of one hand—the left is the one more generally used, and this should be a signet ring.

E. J. G.—(Milwaukee).—"Which has the most territory in North America, the British Government or the United States?" The area of British America is three million five hundred thousand square miles, and that of the United States is three million six hundred thousand square miles.

J. P. (Norfolk).—In entering any place of amusement with a lady, you should allow the lady to follow the usher and precede you and be shown to her seat before you. It is awkward to leave a lady to follow by herself after an usher and a gentleman, if there is not space in the aisle for two persons to walk abreast.

F. W. M.—You ought not to expect the young lady to refuse all attention from other gentlemen, unless you give her to understand that your attentions mean marriage. If the young lady accepts you as a lover, then you will have a right to object to her going out to drive with other gentlemen, but otherwise not.

Mrs. J. S. L.—We think we did answer your former letter. No, there are no glasses made that would be of any benefit whatever to persons who are "night-blind." This peculiar affection of the eyes generally gives way to mild antiphlogistic treatment, purging and blistering the temples.

Inquirer, (Fairbury).—If you will look at our advertising columns, you will find the address of a concern of the kind you refer to, but remember we never vouch for the responsibility of any of our advertisers. So far as lies in our power we satisfy ourselves as to their reliability, but we do not guarantee them.

A. L. McI.—We regret that we cannot tell you what was the origin of the game you refer to, nor do we think a sett could be obtained which would suit you at all. We have never seen any except made from plain ivory, and that not in this country, but if this would do, we can make inquiries as to its probable cost.

An Appreciative Reader.—We could not recommend any Publishing House to your friend for the purpose mentioned, and as to giving you any information such as you desire as to "rates, rules, regulations governing publishing houses," each firm has its own rules, rates and regulations, and you can therefore only find out by addressing them direct.

F. G. S. (Farmington).—Yours is the first and only request we have ever received for a Chess Column to be started in the Post, and sorry though we are to be compelled to deny the request of an old subscriber of twenty-five years standing, you must see that we cannot with justice to our other thousands of readers, deprive them of say half a column of reading matter solely for the gratification of one or two, who, like you, may be interested in chess matters.

W. J. B.—"Has there ever been known to be a fall of snow in Egypt? I saw lately in a paper something about snow having fallen in that country, and did not believe it." A fall of snow in Upper Egypt on the banks of the Nile is, we believe, unprecedented in the history of that country; but it is a fact that on the fifteenth of last January a snow shower of about two hours duration, did actually occur there. The snow accumulated on the deck of a traveler's boat on the Nile to the depth of about half an inch, and lay for about seven or eight hours.

T. T. R.—Of course the hair may be nourished and strengthened by the use of certain preparations which accelerate its growth, and increase its beauty. But when once the hair has fallen off entirely, and especially when, as in the case you bring to our notice, it has been totally gone for some considerable time, we are sadly afraid that it is an almost hopeless matter ever to restore it. The secret of restoring the hair under such circumstances remains still a desideratum, notwithstanding the occasional puffs which we see now and then in the papers.

Millington.—The blocks for wood engravers are made of box-wood. The surface for engraving is on the transverse section of the wood. The design is drawn on the wood, and the engraver proceeds to excavate between the lines of the designer, cutting away the wood for the lights, and, in the deepest shades, scarcely engraving the surface at all. Before the blocks can be drawn upon, they have to be prepared for the purpose as follows: The block must be planed as evenly and truly as possible; now take white lead, and temper it with water by grinding; spread it first thinly on the surface with a brush pencil, and afterward rub it well with a fine linen rag while yet wet, and when dry brush off any loose or powdered part.

Mrs. J. M.—"How a woman with a babe ten months old can honestly earn her own clothes independent of her husband or cold charities," is a problem which we give up. As you wish us to "speak to the point in plain terms, without flattery or polish," and to tell you whether we think you can earn your living by your writings, judging from the specimens you sent us, we are bound to say we do not think you can. We would recommend your trying some other plan, but are sorry we know of nothing in the way of "paying agencies that can be attended to at home" that we can suggest. We will give you seventy-five cents for every subscriber to the Post you can get us, at $2.00 each. We will give this to any one.

Democrat.—The electoral college consists of electors from each state, chosen by the people, in number equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives. These electors meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice President. After voting they make a list of the persons voted for, and the number of votes cast for each, sign and certify this list, and send it sealed to the President of the Senate at Washington. This individual must open all of these certificates, and announce their contents in the presence of both houses of Congress. The person having the greatest number of votes is then declared President, if such number be a majority of all the electors appointed. Congress determines the times of choosing electors, also the day on which they shall cast their votes. This day must be the same throughout the whole United States.

Inquirer.—The old Scotch proverb about Candlemas Day is as follows:

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half of winter's to come and mair,"

and so as Candlemas Day, the 2nd of February this year, was a clear, brilliant day, we suppose if this adage holds good, we may expect plenty of cold weather yet. The festival of Candlemas (or of the Purification of the Virgin) is of very ancient date, and is still maintained as a holy day in the Catholic Church in many countries. But in this country little attention is paid to its celebration, and, indeed, in this State it is known as "Ground-hog's day," from a popular superstition that that subterranean burrower pays a visit to the surface of the earth on that day, and if he sees his shadow, he goes back quicker than he came out, feeling assured that there is plenty of winter yet to come.

Miscellaneous.—G. W. R.—We believe that safe concerns manage their business on a very different system. Impedant.—It is better, for the lady's sake, to let the affair pass unnoticed. J. E. F.—Good conduct for the future may atone for the past. Sarah.—It would be better not to recognize him or to have anything at all to do with him in the future. Florist.—It is not in our province; there are numerous guides on the subject. A. B. C.—It is a heavy burden, we must confess, but it can only be removed by mutual consent. Ionia.—It is a subject which ladies understand better than gentlemen, and we shrink from venturing to give any advice. M. A.—You are entirely too young to receive the company of gentlemen as lovers, or with a view to matrimony. Florence.—We think you would be foolish to "take the young man back." He does not deserve it after his shabby treatment of you. Merchant.—A trifling misdescription of one of the parties to an agreement would not invalidate it. H. R. M.—Glasgow is, after London and Liverpool, the largest seaport and manufacturing city in Great Britain. C. S. L.—The meaning of the word "Bric-a-brac" is "odds and ends." M. M.—You were foolish to marry in this way, but the best thing you can now do is to inform your parents. They cannot separate you or punish you. W. H. A.—The conduct of the lady, by your account, certainly releases you from all obligations to her. E. H. R.—We must decline giving you any positive advice, as we have not sufficient knowledge of your circumstances to assume the responsibility of settling your choice of a profession. L. S.—You had better do neither. Tell your parents just how you feel about it. S. I. S.—Dreams, such as you mention, are commonly caused by eating too heartily before going to bed. Jonia.—No, we don't think there is any harm in dancing itself, but if your lover objects to your doing so, you had better heed his wishes. A. Wron.—You had better consult Old Probabilities; we cannot answer the question. Flossy.—To your first question we answer most emphatically no. 2. It is the bridesmaids duty.

A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.